

July 17, 1971

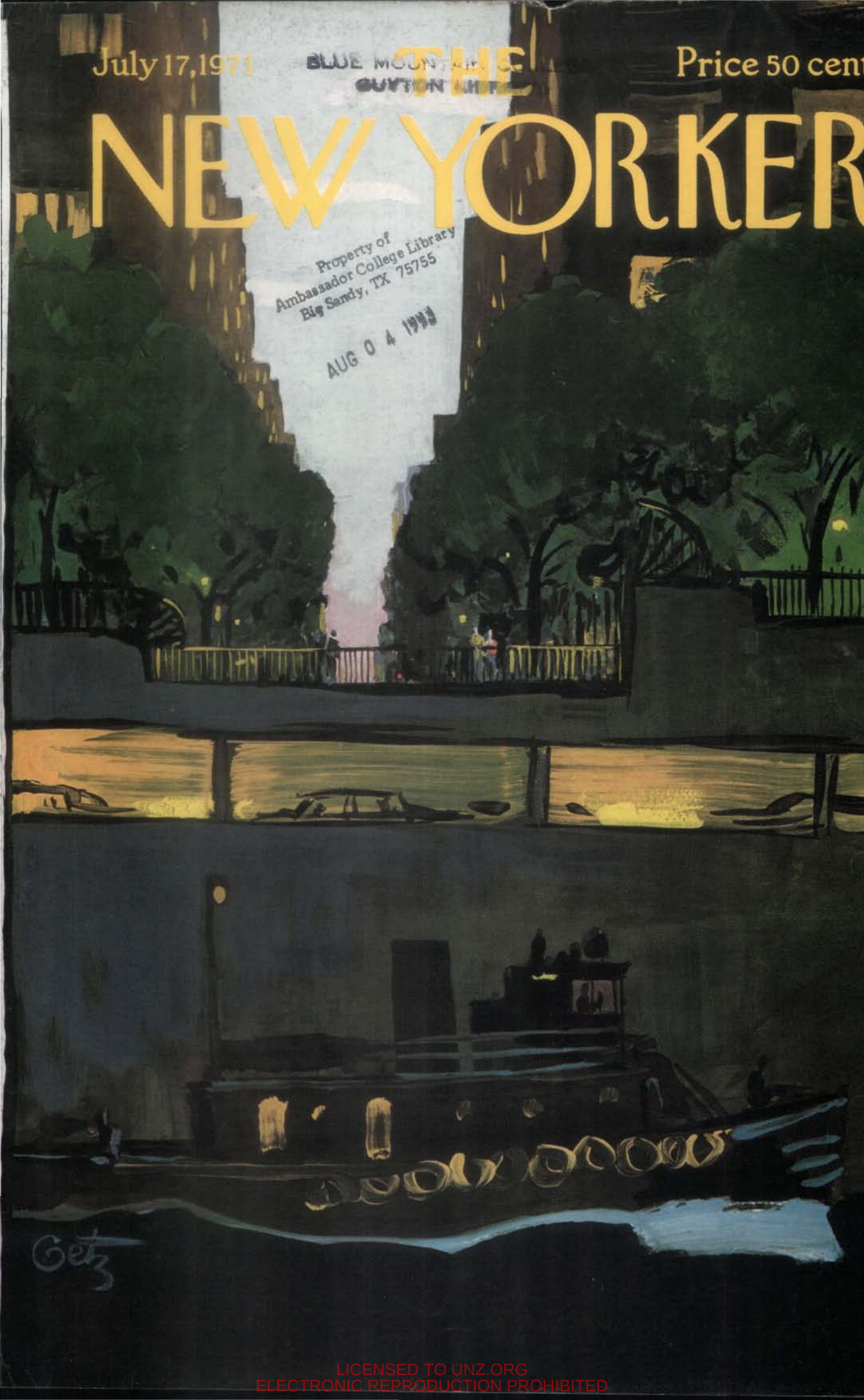
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

BLACK GIRL—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DANCE WI' ME; OR, THE FATAL TWITCH—A complex, highly disciplined comic exercise, which originated at La Mama and was written by Greg Antonacci. Mr. Antonacci also plays the leading role—a clownish young man who retreats from the jangled nineteen-seventies into fantasies of the nineteen-fifties. Parts of the show are very funny, and parts are just as tiresome. Obscenities abound. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST ANALYSIS—A revival. Saul Bellow's farce about a Jewish comic who psychoanalyzes himself over closed-circuit television seems just as strained and unfunny now as it did in 1964. There is much frenetic non-acting of the non-parts by a generally reputable cast. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LENNY—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director of this highly satisfactory revival. Starting Tuesday, July 20, there will be a new cast. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SLEUTH—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WAITING FOR GODOT—Tom Ewell and Joey Faye in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays

and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN**: An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS**: What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS**: A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

FOLLIES—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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COVER: Arthur Gets

DRAWINGS: George Price, Whitney Darrow, Jr., J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton, Chon Day, Ed Fisher, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, George Booth, William Steig, Charles Saxon, Alan Dunn, Henry Martin, Dana Fradon, Stan Hunt

THE NEW YORKER

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GODSPELL—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO, NO, NANETTE—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St. W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Trook provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St. W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

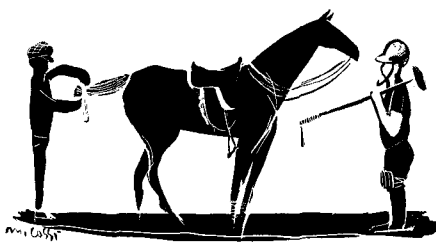
TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of drop-outs who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-five years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TWO BY TWO—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St. W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. Starting Monday, July 19, Anne Baxter will replace Miss Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **COMPANY**: Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. (Alvin, 52nd St. W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS**: Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: —I can quite understand that, he said calmly. An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) ... **HAIR**: 'If he will adopt these regulations, in seven years he will be clear; and I hope we may be able to convince him and Elizabeth that Kellynch Hall has a respectability in itself which cannot be affected by these reductions; and that the true dignity of Sir Walter Elliot will be very far from lessened in the eyes of sensible people, by his acting like a man of principle.' (Biltmore, 47th St. W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **PROMISES, PROMISES**: 'What will he be doing, in fact, but what very many of our first families have done or ought to do?' (Shubert, 44th St. W. 246-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS**: A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St. W. 246-



6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **PURLIE**: An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **1776**: A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St. W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, July 14, at 8:15: "At Midnight," "Jardin aux Lilas," "The Eternal Idol," and "Etudes." ... Thursday, July 15, at 8:15: "Mendelssohn Symphony" (première), "Fall River Legend," and "Gaieté Parisienne." ... Friday, July 16, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes." ... Saturday, July 17, at 2:15: "Petrouchka," "Les Sylphides," and "Gaieté Parisienne." ... Saturday, July 17, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Paquita," "Fall River Legend," and "Fancy Free." ... Sunday, July 18, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Giselle." ... Tuesday, July 20, at 8:15: "Coppélia." ... Wednesday, July 21, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Miss Julie," and "Gaieté Parisienne." ... Thursday, July 22, at 8:15: "Romeo and Juliet" (première), "At Midnight," and "Etudes." ... Friday, July 23, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "The Moor's Pavane," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Les Noces." ... Saturday, July 24, at 2:15: "Romeo and Juliet," "The River," and "Fancy Free." ... Saturday, July 24, at 8:15: "Romeo and Juliet," "The Eternal Idol," "The Combat" (première), and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Opening performances of a two-week return engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 1—Tuesday through Saturday evenings, July 20-24: "Mozart Concerto," "Poème de l'Extase" (American première), and "Jeu de Cartes." ... Saturday matinee, July 24: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folk singers Hedge and Donna will be here until Wednesday, July 21, when a team of countrified singer-composers, Brewer and Shipley, will move in with songs reminiscent of a time when the West was wild and songsters were woolly. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Wednesday through Saturday, July 14-17, singer-pianist Paddy Wicks will be assisted by a bass violist. Sunday, July 18, and Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24, pianist Cedar Walton will team up with a bassist. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty to three.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A quite small Hall of Fame, so the famed must arrive two by two. Marian Mc-

Partland, whose piano is polymath instead of monolith, provides (along with Jay Leonhart on bass) glee from dinnertime until late in the evening, but rests on the seventh day, which is devoted, from seven until midnight, to the other notable, Sammy Price, who dwells with fondness and firmness upon the years of boogie-woogie.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The recent opening, or reopening, of this coffee-house that was once known as the Café au Go Go has been a cause for celebration in folk-blues-jazz-rock circles. The walls are brick, the benches wooden, and the entertainment policy enlightened. Alex Taylor, the eldest of the singing Taylor siblings, is displaying his plaintive voice, sharing the bill with Mason Profit. On Wednesday, July 21, Mississippi bluesman John Lee Hooker will come in to show the young ones some old tricks. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, friendly sort of place where the jazz guitar has been getting its best exposure in New York. Through Sunday, July 18, Skeeter Best will be collaborating with bassist Tommy Bryant. On Wednesday, July 21, the Dynamic Duo—Jim Hall and Ron Carter—will return to remind people where the acme is. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. A Deep South kitchen.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Come on down, if the spirit moves you, to hear some solid, mainstream jazz produced by tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Fridays through Sundays, old-time blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Monday, July 19, Al Cohn and Willis Conover will lead the seventeen-piece band usually headed by Clark Terry. Some light Italian dishes are available.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Tuesdays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Mondays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-0505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9506)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Fridays and Saturdays, Edwin Birdsongs sits at the keyboard and sings. Sundays, the Quartet Noire performs. Soul-food dinners. (For experienced jazz buffs only.)

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—The name, which means "friend" in Swahili, suits the place. Friday through Monday, July 16-19, three skilled musicians—pianist Bobby Timmons, bassist Scotty Holt, and vocalist Vickie Ford—will combine talents. Drinks are available, as is soul food. Music from nine-thirty to two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More of the same—two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Whoops and hollers are permitted, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—In a lonesome part of town, with changes of programs every forty-eight hours or so. Wednesday and Thursday, July 14-15, trumpeter Kenny Dorham, a veteran of the bop era, will lead a quintet. Friday through Sunday, July 16-18, drummer Tony Williams will be here with his rat-a-tat Lifetime. Tuesday through Thursday, July 20-22, flutist Jeremy Steig will lead his sometimes *misterioso* quartet. Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, pianist Alice Coltrane will move in advanced directions with her fivesome. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—The

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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stalactites are synthetic in this collegiate cave, but the sound is real. A spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being directed by a cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two Thursdays through Sundays. Italian food.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Alto saxophonist Phil Woods leads his European Rhythm Machine (which is just that) in some nonstop convolutions until Tuesday, July 20, when an old pro—cornetist-violinist-singer Ray Nance—will arrive with a quartet. On Mondays, the above musicians rest, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. ¶ Downstairs: The Chapins play six nights a week for rockalong dancing. Mondays, the big room vibrates to Latin bands.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the Village and often in the van. Through Sunday, July 18, a sextet that includes Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and Pepper Adams will be around. On Tuesday, July 20, trumpeter Lee Morgan will bring in his quintet. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic ten-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The evening entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over yonder—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, July 18, clarinetist Eddie Barefield will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The atmosphere here gets progressively farther from the nominal one—the late eighteenth century—but does it really matter? A French menu and dancing to records (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only roast beef is available. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (on the Paramount lot in 1934, for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by singer Jimmy Helms. Dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. Freeway (on hand through Sunday, July 18) plays for dancing at ten-thirty and again at one, but at eleven-thirty it bans kinetics and just plays. In between all this, people move to 45s. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this pulsating downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity, but on fewer nights than in the past, for the doors are open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Prince Charming the Second of Württemberg is getting married, and all the merry villagers are singing, dancing, oompahing in his honor. Act II, later in the evening, is practically the same thing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's entry for the Olympic decathlon, is again in town, as bland, as schmalzy, as amusing as ever in their calisthenics-cum-chorale charade. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. ¶

In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM**, a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome known as La Zambra, which operates barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Belts will be worn with nearly every song designed by Janice Harper, a new powerhouse not afflicted by any of the problems that attend Big Allis. These evenings, under the new regime, the comedians are usually second bananas. The current one is Lou Cary. No silent nights, under any circumstances. ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the height of summer, the Café carries on as though New York was still New York. The manner remains grand, and the music (especially Phil Wayne's threesome, which is on hand Sundays and Mondays) remains urban and urbane. Herb Winner's triad serves on all other nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Julie Wilson, who wants no more than a piano or, at most, a trio behind her, is gaily, gallantly singing in the non-crescendo fashion that makes a *boîte de nuit* really a *boîte de nuit*, and a handsome one this particular *b. de n. is*. Dinner and supper are her assignment. Dance tunes, too, some of them from memory cells and some of them live, happen the rest of the time. Nothing doing on Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ¶ For passengers who have a curtain call to make, the **OAK ROOM** begins a buffet dinner, bulwarked by piano, at five-thirty. This goes on until nine every single evening. ¶ **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. ¶ **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. ¶ **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home

base. His non-pattern (and sometimes non-pareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. ¶ **TRUEDELLER**, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346): Fun and games once more in this lately reformed Rock garden; to wit: Blossom Dearie, whose baby face and baby voice try to deny the merry sardonicism of her words and piano, which are neatly touched up by Al Harewood on drums and Herb Bushler on bass; plus the occasionally almost secret ponderings of Bill Evans' piano, the cream of yet another three-some. Closed Mondays. ¶ **EL AYRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East, almost Way Down Far East, in between Haifa and Jerusalem. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the song is native, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ¶ **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. ¶ **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Reopens Tuesday, July 20, to the tune of the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as, naturally, the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabrielle, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. ¶ **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ¶ **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Sandy Baron, whose humor is rarely borrowed plumage, does the narration here; the song is the work of Barbara Williams, a graduate of "Man of La Mancha." Not before ten, usually. Closed Sundays. ¶ **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music (by Emme Kemp, one of the more picturesque voice-and-piano girls) in the bar after six. Closed Sundays. ¶ **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. ¶ **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE**, 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): No Peter, either Saint or Sinner, but there is plenty of to-do (to be expected in a theatre-district bar-and-grill), as well as Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. ¶ **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, nowadays only a warm-weather friend, is (violin at the ready) revisiting the jolly little kingdom he founded ever so long ago. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. ¶ **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. ¶ **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. ¶ **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed. A guitar from the plains



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of Lusitania performs from seven to twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano of this exemplary restaurant is plied in Hapsburg fashion by George Feyer, who now and again anoints his études with words of his own devising. He can be heard until long after the theatre. No music Sundays. . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): An Apollonian Way of life. The guests' prandial activities are garnished from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of prowlers self-explanatorily entitled Roman Strings. Closed Sundays. . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . **GERALDINE'S**, 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): The set of boys and girls who whiled away last winter by reviving the best moments of one good Broadway musical after another have now compiled a conglomerate of the best of these moments, which they enact right in the middle of some dining-room tables. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight, and Fridays and Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty. . . **LA BIBLIOTHEQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Norman Roland) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (but not until after her stint in "Follies") on the upper level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. She stays home Sundays and Mondays. . . **PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The head that wears a crown would not uneasy lie in the marbled halls of the Palm Court, where Gunnar Hansen and his violin, educated in the best schools on the Continent are in command from nine until one, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Other music other nights, though not on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL AND DAVID GILHOOLY—Small color caricatures in oil of types inhabiting the Chelsea Hotel by the former and ceramics of animal subjects by the latter; through Friday, July 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 60th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; through July 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through Saturday, July 17. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through July 30. . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through July 28. . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, and Castro-Cid and sculptures by Wilke and Abrahams; through Aug. 31. . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Olson, and Robert

Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); through Aug. 14. . . **KRUGIER**, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Tantra art of India from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; through Friday, July 16. . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Aug. 13. . . Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St. . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St. . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 11. . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. . . **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4. . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.; closes at 4. . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7. . . A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallery, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Aug. 29. . . Photographic documentation of projects carried out on Pier 18 by twenty-eight process artists; through Aug. 2. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . NOTE: The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 20. . . Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12. . . Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. . . Fifty-four etchings and lithographs by Wayne Thiebaud on his favorite themes of cakes, pies, and other food displays, plus flowers, landscapes, and animals; through Sunday, July 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from

the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. . . "Russian Art of the Revolution," consisting of sixty-five paintings, drawings, prints, constructions, and costume and stage designs by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, Larionov, and Malevich; through July 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. . . Sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebner, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Eighty paintings done in prisons by thirty-five inmates; through Aug. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD AND MILKWOOD TAPESTRY—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 15, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

J.P.J. QUARTET—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, July 16, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

JACKSON FIVE—Madison Square Garden; Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 16, at 8.

CLARK TERRY, ZOOT SIMS, JAKI BYARD, MILT HINTON, AND GRADY TATE—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, July 17, at 7:30.

JAMAICAN FOLKSINGERS—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, July 18, at 2:15.

ODETTA—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 20, at 8.

BIG MAMA THORNTON—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, July 22, at 7:30.

STEVE GETZ QUINTET—Jazz Center. Friday, July 23, at noon.

TEDDY WILSON, BILLY TAYLOR TRIO, BOB GREENE, BILL EVANS TRIO, AND CECIL TAYLOR—Town Hall. Saturday, July 24, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 16, at 7: A Stravinsky-Ravel program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . Friday, July 16, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting another all-Brahms program, this one with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Zara Nelsova, cello. . . . Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a Mozart-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Friday, July 23, at 7: A recital by Sherrill Milnes, baritone. . . . Friday, July 23, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting another all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein directing Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Arlene Saunders, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; William Cochran, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of baroque music. . . . Sunday, July 18, at 5:30: The New Amsterdam Ensemble. (Katonah, N. Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

LENOX ARTS CENTER—Saturday, July 17, at 7:30: Ravi Shankar. . . . Friday, July 23, at 7:30: The Pennywhistlers. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 31—Wednesday, July 14, at 8:30: "The Cage" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . Friday, July 16, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . Saturday, July 17, at 2: "Agon" and "Harlequinade." . . . Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "In the Night," "Tarantella," and "La Valse." . . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by Peggy Lee and Main Street East on Sunday, July 18, at 8:30.] . . . Tuesday, July 20, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Tchaikovsky Suite," and "Suite No. 3." . . . Wednesday, July 21, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Who Cares?" . . . Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Donizetti Variations," and "Symphony in C." . . . Friday, July 23, at 8:30: "Episodes," "Four Last Songs," and "Suite No. 3." . . . Saturday, July 24, at 2: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade." (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 17: Norman Walker and his company, plus Veronica Tennant and Jeremy Blanton. . . . Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24: Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company and Tania Karina and Miljenko Banovic. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 17, at 8, and Sunday, July 18, at 2: Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . Saturday, July 24, at 8, and Sunday, July

25, at 2: Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, July 15, at 2, and Friday, July 16, at 8. . . . Yankees vs. Chicago, Saturday, July 17, at 2; Sunday, July 18, at 1 (doubleheader); and Monday, July 19, at 5 (two-night doubleheader). . . . Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, July 20, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 21-22, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Houston, Friday, July 23, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 24, at 4:05.

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 22-25.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 14; the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 17; the Great American, Wednesday, July 21; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 24. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 17, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

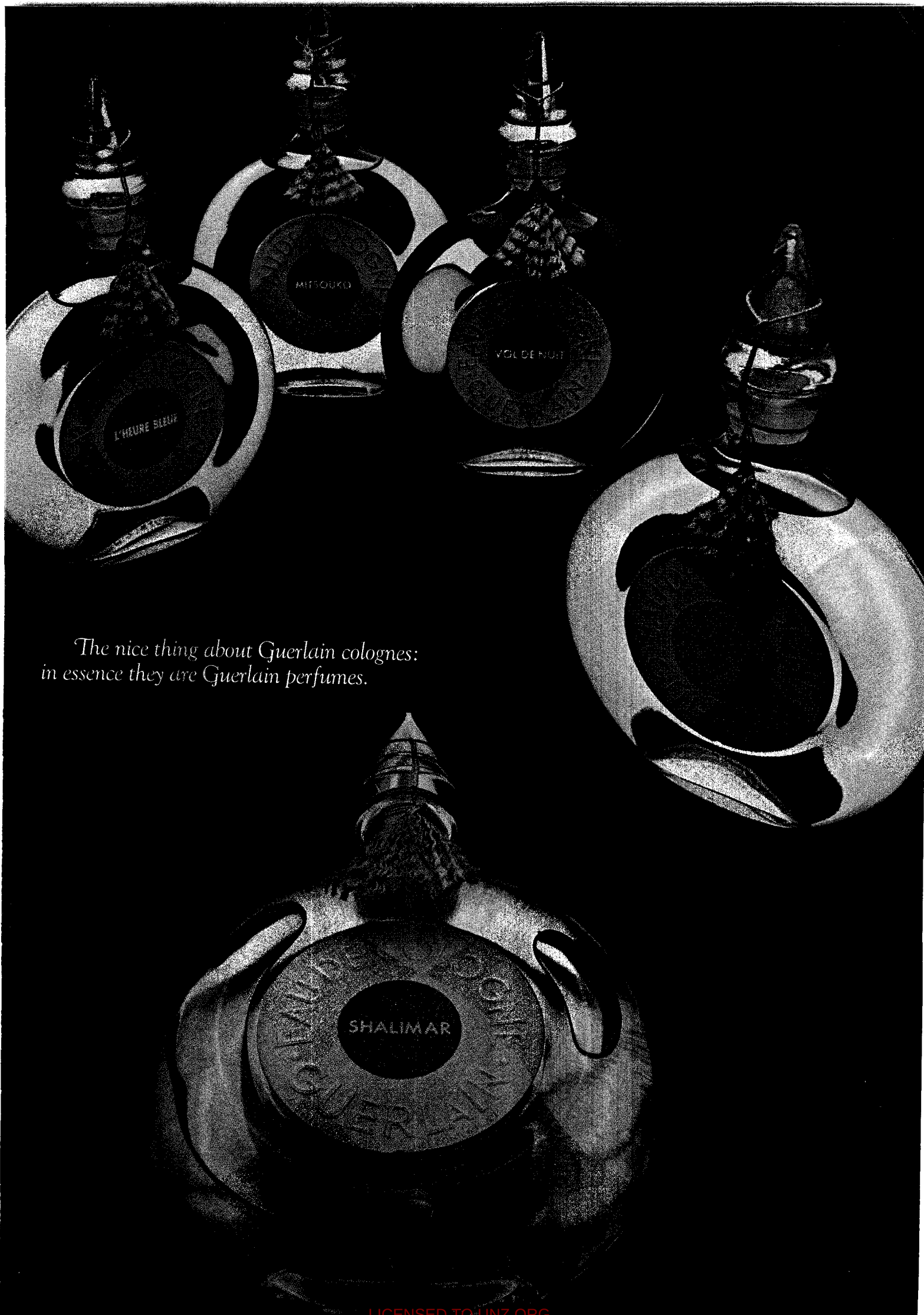
TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, July 23, through Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 17.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Chasing Rainbows" (1930), directed by Charles Reisner, with Jack Benny and Marie Dressler. . . . July 15 at 2: "The Cuban Love Song" (1931), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez. . . . July 15 at 5:30: "Lord Byron of Broadway" (1930), directed by William Nigh and Harry Beaumont, with Charles Kaley and Cliff Edwards. . . . July 15 at 8: "The Cuban Love Song" (1931). . . . July 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Song of My Heart" (1930), directed by Frank Borzage, with John McCormack and Alice Joyce. . . . July 17 at 11:30: "The Crazy Ray" (1922), a French film, directed by René Clair. . . . July 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Paramount on Parade" (1930), with Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Stuart Erwin, among others; eleven directors; and the song "I'm Isadore the Toreador." . . . July 18 at 2 and 5:30: "King of Jazz" (1930), directed by John Murray Anderson, with Paul Whiteman, John Boles, Bing Crosby, and a mess of others. . . . July 19 at 1: "High Society Blues" (1930), directed by David Butler, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . July 19 at 6: "The President Vanishes" (1934), directed by William A. Wellman, with Rosalind Russell. . . . July 20 at 2: "High Society Blues" (1930). . . . July 20 at 5:30: "The President Vanishes" (1934). . . . July 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Show Girl in Hollywood" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Alice White and Jack Mulhall. . . . July 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Golden Dawn" (1930), directed by Roy Enright, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal. . . . July 22 at 8: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at



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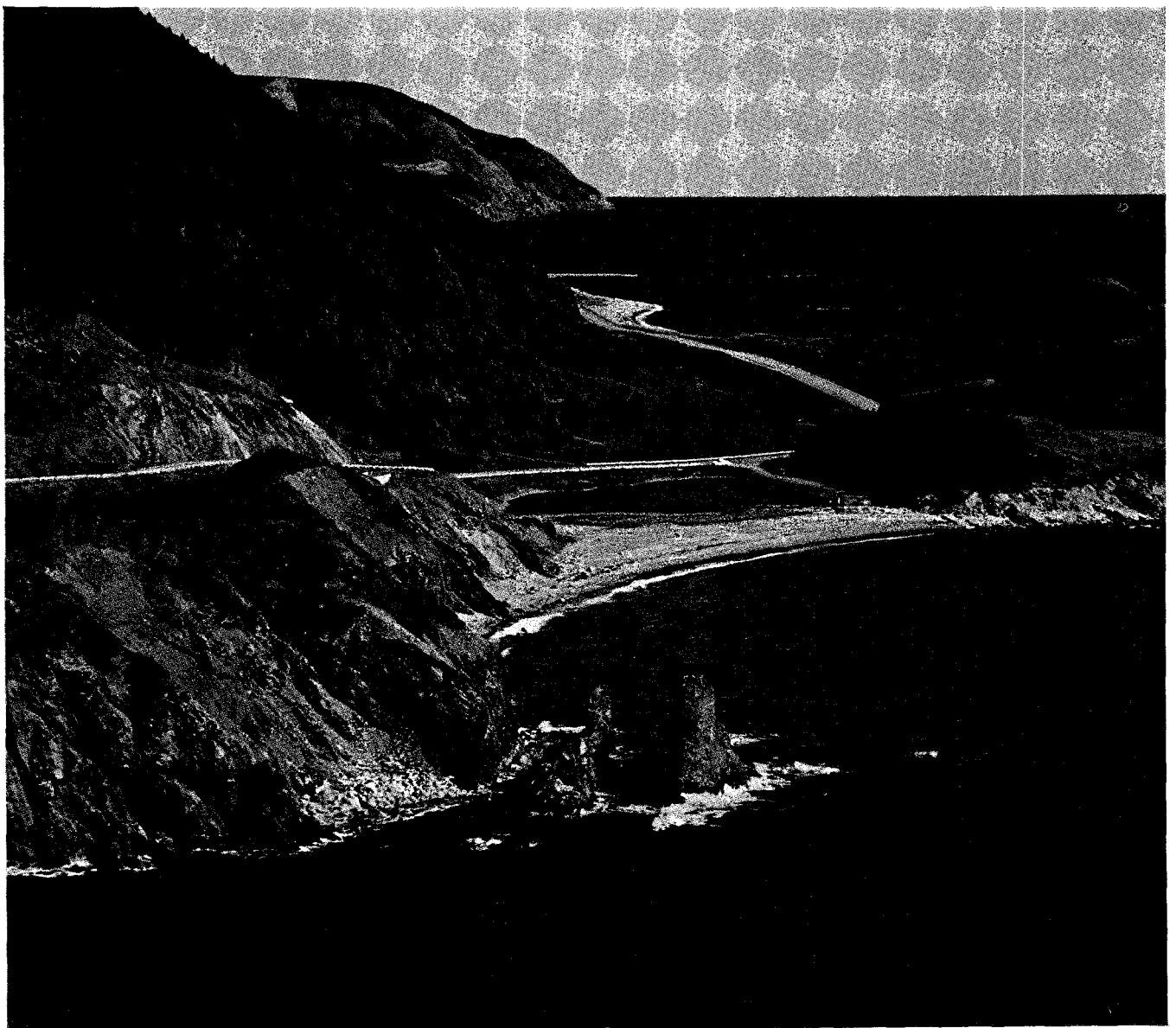
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through July 15: "Last Holiday" (1950), directed by Henry Cass, with Alec Guinness and Beatrice Campbell... July 16-17: "The Passionate Friends" (1949), directed by David Lean, with Trevor Howard and Ann Todd... July 18 and 21: "The Titfield Thunderbolt" (1953), directed by Charles Crichton, with Stanley Holloway... Starting July 22: "Laughter in Paradise" (1951), directed by Mario Zampi, with Alastair Sim. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreel'd starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather over the city, call 472-1003 for news.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—It is easy to see why Shakespeare's tragedy **TIMON OF ATHENS** is done so seldom, since it seems more spiteful and disagreeable than tragic, and it is extremely long-winded. The strength of the performance lies in the incidental scenes, many of which come off quite well, and the production looks wonderful. Direction by Gerald Freedman, setting by Ming Cho Lee, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge. Free performances will be given through Sunday, July 18... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**, with Jerry Stiller, Janelle Allen, Alix Elias, and Clifton Davis, will be the second of three plays by the company. Opens Thursday, July 22, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 8. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays at 8; through Aug. 12.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 14: The Supremes... Friday, July 16: Poco and Terry Ripelle... Saturday, July 17: The Byrds and J. F. Murphy & Salt... Monday, July 19: Peggy Lee... Wednesday, July 21: The Allman Brothers Band and Cowboy... Friday, July 23: Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons and Jay & the Americans... Saturday, July 24: Cal Tjader, Willie Bobo, and Joe Cuba. (Evenings at 7 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Stephanie Chase, violin... Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: A jazz concert by the Lee Shaw trio. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

GAELIC PARK—Mountain, plus Heads, Hands & Feet. (Broadway and 240th St. Friday, July 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of regular and experimental films organized by the Miller beer people (where would we be without the beer people?) is being shown in various city parks on various dates at 9 P.M. through July 25. For program news and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Ryan's Daughter."

ORPHEUM REPERTORY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
July 14: "Double Indemnity."
July 15: "That Man from Rio."
July 16: "Island of Lost Souls."
July 17: "Woman in the Dunes."
July 18: "Twentieth Century."
July 19: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."
July 20: "The Roaring Twenties."
July 21: "The Night of the Hunter."
July 22: "Sundays and Cybele."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 19: "A New Leaf."
From July 20: "Black Peter" and "Cul-de-Sac."

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 20: "10 Rillington Place" and "A Severed Head."
From July 21: "Claire's Knee" and "Summertime."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 20: "Taking Off."
From July 21: "Little Murders" and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Ryan's Daughter."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Klute."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 20: "The Last Run."
From July 21: "Bananas."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Fortune and Men's Eyes."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 15: "Summer of '42."
From July 16: "The Devils."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Walkabout."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Dusty and Sweets McGee."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Willard."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Le Mans."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Unman, Wittering and Zigo."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Two-Lane Blacktop."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Panic in Needle Park."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."

EASTSIDE MOVIE BAZAAR, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.)
July 14: "I Want to Live!"
July 15: "The Apartment."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

July 16: "Bonnie and Clyde."
July 17: "Two for the Road."
July 18: "Bedazzled."
July 19: "The Lost Weekend."
July 20: "Zulu."
July 21: "Compulsion."
July 22: "Bullitt."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 15: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
From July 16: "The Light at the Edge of the World."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 20: "The Last Run."
From July 21: "Bananas."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 20: "Little Big Man."
From July 21: "The Seven Minutes."

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Anderson Tapes."

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 15: "Ryan's Daughter."
From July 16: "The Hunting Party."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through July 21: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."
From July 22: To be announced.

WAVELY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Summer of '42."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 15: "Mata Hari" and "Ninotchka."
July 16-20: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."
From July 21: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Nun."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love Story."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through July 15: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "Haxan."
July 16-19: "Potemkin" and "Alexander Nevsky."
July 20: "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Major Barbara."
July 21-22: "M" and "Spies."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 18: "Song of Norway."

From July 19: "Willard."

BUJOU CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
July 14: "Samurai, The Legend of Musashi" and "Sansho the Bailiff."
July 15-18: "Yojimbo" and "The Drunken Angel."
July 19: "Ikiru."
July 20-21: "Red Beard."
From July 22: "Throne of Blood" and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Murphy's War."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 17: "Blue Water, White Death."
From July 18: "Figures in a Landscape."

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Language of Love."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Clowns."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Crook."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Ryan's Daughter."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 18: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "I Love My Wife."
From July 19: "Willard."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 20: "Song of Norway."
From July 21: "Claire's Knee" and "Summertime."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 14: "The Girl with the Hatbox" and "Landru."
July 15-21: "Une Femme Douce" and "La Femme Infidèle."
From July 22: "Red Desert" and "Tristana."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 18: "West Side Story" and "Around the World in 80 Days."
From July 19: "Willard."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 14: A program of five films on psychology.
July 15: "Portrait of Lenin" and "Chapayev."
July 16: "La Chinoise" and "Don't Look Back."
July 17: "Hour of the Wolf" and "The Immortal Story."
July 18: "Ninotchka" and "Anna Christie."
July 19: "The Damned" and "Night and Fog."
July 20: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Cul-de-Sac."
July 21: "Nothing but a Man" and "Point of Order!"
July 22: "The Manchurian Candidate" and "Sweet Smell of Success."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Summer of '42."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ADRIFT—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Ján Kadar. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofiev and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Elgin; July 16-19.)

THE ANDERSON TAPES—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum.)

ANNA CHRISTIE (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey,

ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Thalia; July 18.)

ANNA KARENINA (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't good, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (8th St. Playhouse; July 16-20.)

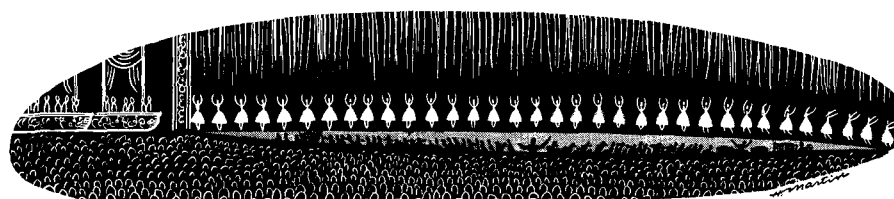
THE APARTMENT (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimp-

ing and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as much as he does. To be seen. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 15.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Symphony; through July 18.)

BANANAS—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is

- a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (34th St. East and Juliet 2; starting July 21.)
- BEDAZZLED** (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 18.)
- BLACK PETER**—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Miloš Forman. (Cinema Village; starting July 20.)
- BLUE WATER, WHITE DEATH**—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival; through July 17.)
- BONNIE AND CLYDE** (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 16.)
- BULLITT** (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen (as the low-keyed police-officer hero) and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 22.)
- BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID** (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Gramercy; starting July 21.)
- CAMILLE** (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (8th St. Playhouse; July 16-20.)
- CARNAL KNOWLEDGE**—Mike Nichols and Jules Feiffer collaborated on this grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. Unpleasantly clever. Jack Nicholson overacts and Arthur Garfunkel underacts. (Cinema I.)
- CHAPAYEV** (1934)—Directed by Sergei and Georgy Vassiliev. A huge success in Soviet Russia, and flickering with the sense of human detail that seems to belong to Russians even when they are being programmatic. The story is about the role of an illiterate who served the Czar in the First World War and then organized his own Red forces. The account is naive, but there is something wonderful about the freshness and bright spirit of the film's nature. In Russian. (Thalia; July 15.)
- LA CHINOISE** (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Thalia; July 16.)
- CLAIRE'S KNEE**—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Charles and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 21.)
- THE CLOWNS**—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaires eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)
- LA COLLECTIONNEUSE**—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 21.)
- COMPULSION** (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing a pair of killers and a defense attorney, respectively, in this reenactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. Directed by Richard Fleischer. No compulsion to go. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 21.)
- THE CROOK**—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Paris.)
- CUL-DE-SAC** (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. Gross and sadistic. (Thalia; July 20. . . . Cinema Village; starting July 20.)
- THE DAMNED** (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Thalia; July 19.)
- DEATH IN VENICE**—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteenth-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)
- THE DEVILS**—With Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed, directed by Ken Russell. (Fine Arts; starting July 16.)
- DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE**—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgrass, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Regency; through July 18.)
- DON'T LOOK BACK** (1967)—Bob Dylan in the affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Thalia; July 16.)
- DOUBLE INDEMNITY** (1944)—Billy Wilder's cold, gripping, clever film from James Cain's story, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson. We are in the chill of a world of life insurance and of greedy people living lives of sophisticated violence in smart little eggbox apartments. Barbara Stanwyck is pure ice, perfectly cast. A freezing picture, very efficient. See it. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 14.)
- THE DRUNKEN ANGEL** (1948)—Early Kurosawa (and a masterwork as long as you respond to him) about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 15-18.)
- DUSTY AND SWEETS MCGEE**—A film of the drug scene, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Coronet.)
- THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Thalia; July 20.)
- UNE FEMME DOUCE**—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (New Yorker; July 15-21.)
- LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (New Yorker; July 15-21.)
- FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE**—With Robert Shaw and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Joseph Losey. (Festival; starting July 18.)
- FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES**—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Trans-Lux East.)
- THE GIRL WITH THE HATBOX** (1927)—Anna Sten in a little-known satirical comedy about a milliner who wins a lottery. Directed by Boris V. Barnet. (New Yorker; July 14.)
- THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY** (1968)—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Sergio Leone. The last of Eastwood's spaghetti Westerns. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 19.)
- HAXAN** (1922)—A film on witchcraft through the ages. (Elgin; through July 15.)
- THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE**—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Paramount.)
- HOOR OF THE WOLF** (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 17.)
- THE HUNTING PARTY**—A Western with Oliver Reed, Candice Bergen, and Gene Hackman, directed by Don Medford. (86th St. East; starting July 16.)
- IKIRU** (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 19.)
- I LOVE MY WIFE**—A grossly conceived serio-comic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Regency; through July 18.)
- THE IMMORTAL STORY** (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Thalia; July 17.)
- THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST** (1952)—Oscar



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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- Wilde's greatest play, and one of the few perfect comedies in world drama. This English screen version by Anthony Asquith is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, Michael Redgrave. (Elgin; July 20.)
- ISLAND OF LOST SOULS** (1932)—The screen horror version of H. G. Wells' "The Island of Dr. Moreau," with Charles Laughton as a mad scientist and Kathleen Burke as a rather decorous Panther Woman. Wells rightly denied any connection with his book. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 16.)
- I WANT TO LIVE!** (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy enactment of the path to the California gas chamber that was taken by Barbara Graham. Gruesome tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 14.)
- KING OF HEARTS** (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 21.)
- KLUKE**—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Murray Hill.)
- LANDRU** (1963)—Claude Chabrol directed this gifted, rather lip-smacking account of the French mass-murderer, from a script by Françoise Sagan. Short roles, necessarily, for Danielle Darrieux, Michèle Morgan, Hildegarde Neff. The points sometimes seem cheaply made; the cut-in newsreel footage about the war makes the surrounding film lightweight, but it is worth seeing if you are interested in Chabrol. In French. (New Yorker; July 14.)
- THE LAST RUN**—With George C. Scott and Tony Musante, directed by Richard Fleischer. (34th St. East and Juliet 2; through July 20.)
- LE MANS**—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. (Ciné Malibu.)
- THE LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD**—With Kirk Douglas, Yul Brynner, and Samantha Eggar, directed by Kevin Billington. (Juliet 1; starting July 16.)
- LITTLE BIG MAN**—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (U. A. East; through July 20.)
- LITTLE MURDERS**—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Gramercy; starting July 21.)
- THE LOST WEEKEND** (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard Da Silva. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 19.)
- LOVE STORY**—Maudlin. (Greenwich.)
- M** (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. This famous thriller was directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Elgin; July 21-22.)
- MAJOR BARBARA** (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's wonderfully witty play. Wendy Hiller is the Salvation Army major. (Elgin; July 20.)
- THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE** (1962)—A clever, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Thalia; July 22.)
- MATA HARI** (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 15.)
- MCCABE & MRS. MILLER**—Warren Beatty and Julie Christie in Robert Altman's artistic triumph—a sensitive, innovative film that places Altman in the top rank of directors, right next to the great Europeans. (Loew's Ciné.)
- THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 22.)
- MURPHY'S WAR**—With Peter O'Toole, directed by Peter Yates. (Music Hall.)
- MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S** (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 21.)
- A NEW LEAF**—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter Matthau?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Cinema Village; through July 19.)
- NIGHT AND FOG** (1955)—The great and harrowing documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia; July 19.)
- THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER** (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 21.)
- NINOTCHKA** (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 15. . . . Thalia; July 18.)
- NOTHING BUT A MAN** (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. Directed by Michael Roemer. (Thalia; July 21.)
- THE NUN**—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)
- ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH**—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)
- THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK**—With Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Tower East.)
- PETER RABBIT AND TALES OF BEATRIX POTTER**—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's haleyoon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Ziegfeld. Nightly at 8. Matinees Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, Saturdays at 12:30, 2:30, and 5, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)
- POINT OF ORDER!** (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Thalia; July 21.)
- PORTRAIT OF LENIN** (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Thalia; July 15.)
- POTEMKIN** (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical soundtrack. (Elgin; July 16-19.)
- RED BEARD** (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous herodictor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 20-21.)
- RED DESERT** (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting July 22.)
- THE ROARING TWENTIES** (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simple-minded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 20.)
- RYAN'S DAUGHTER**—"Ecstasy," blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Art, Kips Bay, and Cinema Studio. . . . 86th St. East; through July 15.)
- SAMURAI, THE LEGEND OF MUSASHI** (1954)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. Part I of the Samurai trilogy. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 14.)
- SANSHO THE BAILIFF** (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 14.)
- THE SEVEN MINUTES**—From the Irving Wallace novel, with Wayne Maunders, directed by Russ Meyer. (U. A. East; starting July 21.)
- A SEVERED HEAD**—Dick Clement directs an affected English sex-comedy from the nineteenth-century novel by Iris Murdoch. The film's deep-breathing preciousness about sex—an Oxford anthropologist haughtily in love with her half brother sits at a posh dinner table and cuts into things with a samurai sword, implying a load of dopey metaphor and not much humor—is nearly matched by its preciousness about claret. Good actors, including Richard Attenborough, Ian Holm, and Claire Bloom, intelligently battle to turn the comedy into farce. (Charles; through July 20.)
- SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS** (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; through July 15.)
- SHAFT**—With Richard Roundtree, directed by Gordon Parks. (72nd St. Playhouse.)
- SONG OF NORWAY**—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema;

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- through July 18. . . Embassy 72nd St.; through July 20.)
- SPIES** (1929)—Fritz Lang's stylish Gothic story of master spies, including rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a super-criminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Elgin; July 21-22.)
- SUMMER OF '42**—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Midtown. . . Fine Arts; through July 15.)
- SUMMERTREE**—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Charles and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 21.)
- SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 22.)
- SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS** (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big-city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Thalia; July 22.)
- TAKING OFF**—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way: this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Gramercy; through July 20.)
- 10 RILLINGTON PLACE**—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Charles; through July 20.)
- THAT MAN FROM RIO** (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure film. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 15.)
- A THOUSAND CLOWNS** (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon, Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 21.)
- THRONE OF BLOOD** (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 22.)
- THE TOUCH**—Ingmar Bergman's first English-language film, with Elliott Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow. (Baronet.)
- TRISTANA**—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (New Yorker; starting July 22.)
- TWENTIETH CENTURY** (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 18.)
- TWO FOR THE ROAD** (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay. Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 17.)
- TWO-LANE BLACKTOP**—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Beekman.)
- UNMAN, WITTERING AND ZIGO**—David Hemmings plays a schoolteacher who has just left advertising in search of a new life, and finds himself in the mayhem world of Form VB in a minor English public school. The script is by Simon Raven, a writer who rather savors the vicious snobberies that Evelyn Waugh wrote about with more scorn, though Raven has a true enough ear. The story is a melodrama about a course of victimization imaginatively executed by privileged boys whose delight might be said to lie in pulling the wings off houses. The film is a great deal more local than "If. . ." let alone "Zero for Conduct," and a great deal less poetic than either, but it is done with talent, and some of the acting scenes carry a powerful charge. (Cinema 11.)
- WALKABOUT**—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural elite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza.)
- WEST SIDE STORY** (1961)—The Beu-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Symphony; through July 18.)
- WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME?**—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle: the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Sutton.)
- WILLARD**—With Bruce Davison, Sondra Locke, Elsa Lanchester, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Daniel Mann. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinema. . . R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Regency, and Symphony; starting July 19.)
- WILLY WONKA & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY**—With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart. (Guild. . . Juliet 1; through July 15.)
- WOMAN IN THE DUNES** (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 17.)
- YOJIMBO** (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 15-18.)
- ZULU** (1964)—A British Empire Western, set in Natal in 1879. Chins jut bravely, eleven Victoria Crosses are handed out, and there is a sly and entirely convincing performance by Michael Caine as an upper-class officer. Directed by Cy Endfield. Fun. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 20.)



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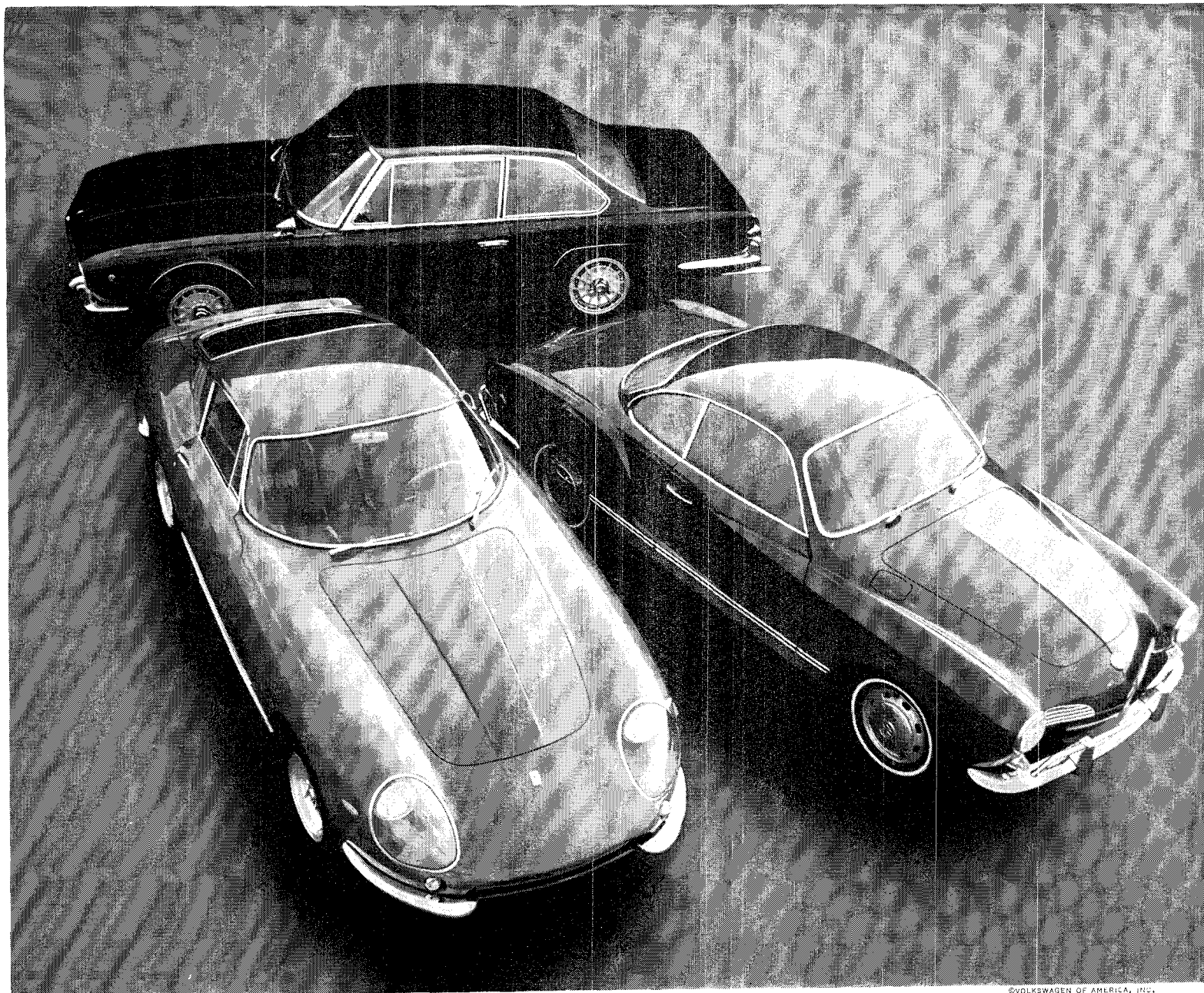
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But if you want a car with doors that really fit, with body panels that don't ripple, and with paint that's buffed to an

incredibly silky-smooth finish, you can't count on machines.

Which is why Maserati didn't mass produce the \$15,300* Maserati Mexico (rear), Ferrari didn't mass produce the \$19,700* Ferrari GTB4 (left), and we don't mass produce the \$2,575† Volkswagen

Karmann Ghia (right).

When we build the Karmann Ghia, instead of just big machines that slam and crash and bang and don't care, we also use little ones that are much quieter and care a lot.

They're called people.



*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. †SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL. WHITEWALLS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST. PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LOUIS ARMSTRONG was the first great American musician. He all but invented jazz, which remains the wellspring of American music. He was an old-fashioned, even medieval clown who nonetheless never seemed dated. And he was the first famous black man who from the point of view of both races seemed to transcend color. He was absolutely true to himself throughout his fifty-year career. (His birth date, July 4, 1900, was both ironic and apt.) Fame and money never separated him from reality. He finally wore out physically, but he suffered no moral or spiritual decline. His living habits—a small house in Queens, red beans and rice, decent whiskey and decent clothes—never changed. He could have retired many years ago, but he worked harder when he was sixty-five than when he was twenty-five. As he grew older, he simply became a heavier, more astute version of the tough, rough, smart kid who grew up in New Orleans with pimps and thieves and killers. His gleaming teeth and pop-eyes were often regarded as an Uncle Tom mask, but that isn't what they were. John Barrymore's crutch on the stage was booze; Armstrong's was his mugging.

His career has been justly, if incompletely, celebrated. It included his year and a half in the Colored Waifs' Home, in New Orleans, where he was taught the bugle and the cornet (the cornet he played there is on display at the New Orleans Jazz Museum, and it is a moving, dinosauric sight, gray and battered, with a heavily notched mouthpiece); his being brought to Chicago in

1922, as second horn, by Joe (King) Oliver, who was nonpareil on his instrument; his conversion, as a twenty-four-year-old sideman, of the Fletcher Henderson band from an imitation of a white dance band into the first big jazz band—a conversion that changed another Henderson sideman, Coleman Hawkins, from a musical dervish into the founder of the tenor saxophone; his revolutionary Hot Five and Hot Seven recordings, made between 1925 and 1928; his leadership of makeshift big bands during the thirties and early forties, and of makeshift small bands during the fifties and sixties (Armstrong had his share of ego, for he rarely hired his peers, an exception being the short-lived band that included Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, and Sidney Catlett); his emergence as a best-selling vocalist in numbers like "Blueberry Hill," "Mack the Knife," "Hello, Dolly!," and "Mame" (his voice, though it eventually thickened and slowed, was a marvellous extension of his playing); and his worldwide travels, on his own and for the State Department. But almost forgotten in his career are the astonishing recordings he made between 1929 and 1933. They were, and are, startling, unique, and beautiful. His style, though it had an assist from Joe Oliver and perhaps Bessie Smith, was his own. Yet it was more than a style; it was a way of playing music, of improvising, that had never existed before. He had an abundant, even tone, a spare vibrato, a command of every register of his instrument, and a dazzling, uninhibited rhythmic sense. (Armstrong was not, despite what his obituaries say, a virtuoso; his skills, in-

stead of existing for themselves, were exactly meet to what he had to say.) His style was outwardly a simple one. He used few notes, he played in a highly melodic fashion, and his solos—except for the grandstanding strings of high C's that capped his public appearances in the thirties—were brief and to the point. He was imitated by every horn player in the twenties and thirties, but none managed to reproduce him. Instead, his best followers—Red Allen and Roy Eldridge and Buck Clayton and Joe Thomas and Bobby Hackett—absorbed his lyrical essence and formed singular styles of their own. (Armstrong's musical influence was immeasurable, and it can be argued, without too much musicology, that the Beatles themselves could not have existed without him.) The solos that Armstrong recorded in the early thirties in such numbers as "That's My Home," "Basin Street Blues," "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," and "Laughin' Louis" are unearthly. They are full of open spaces; stately, climbing swoops; dark, harrowing low-register blue notes; and stunning leaps and rhythmic turns. They have a majesty and grace and poetry that are unlike anything else in music. Armstrong never lost his magisterial quality. (The only time his career took a dip was in the mid-forties, when the big bands disappeared and bebop arrived; there is a Gjon Mili photograph of him seated beside a confident Roy Eldridge, and he looks beat and dejected.) This magisterial quality appeared in the fifties in a couple of Columbia L.P.s and in a collaboration with Duke Ellington. It appeared late one night at the 1958 Newport Jazz Fes-



Richard Edes Harrison

tival when he sat in with a high-school band and played "On the Sunny Side of the Street." It was there in the split-second way he spaced the words "This is—Louis, Dolly," in the famous recording. And it was still there, in a hesitant, wounded fashion, the last time we heard him play—on Dick Cavett's show, a year or so ago.

We should all go back to his recordings of the early thirties. They are what the country was once all about.

Dinner

THE American Bar Association is the largest group of lawyers in the country—a hundred and fifty thousand of them as of last week. They held their annual dinner at the New York Hilton last Tuesday night, as part of their annual meeting, and we had a seat at the press table. When we got to the press table, it was empty, so we went for a little walk and hoped it would fill up by the time we got back. We walked into a room where a number of men in dinner jackets and one man in clericals were being whipped into shape by a man in a three-piece suit. The men were all white, but the dinner jackets were two-thirds black and only one-third white. The man in the suit turned out to be Roger Moreau, director of meetings for the American Bar Association, and the other men were the dignitaries who were going to sit on the dais. There were so many of them that the dais had been divided into three parts: top tier, podium, and bottom tier. Mr. Moreau was busy calling the roll of all three tiers. As soon as he called the name of a dignitary, the dignitary said "Here" and fell in line and stopped talking. When all the dignitaries were in line and silent, Mr. Moreau sent them into the dining room. As they filed by him, he called out "Peace!" He told us that dignitaries always behaved very well on such occasions.

When we got back to the press table, it had filled up, and Terence Cardinal Cooke (podium) was already invoking a blessing on the dinner. "Instill in them a knowledge that the powers they exercise are received from You," the Cardinal prayed. "Give to us the strength and fortitude always to do Your holy will. Amen." An orchestra (Howard Lanin's) broke into "Vienna, City of My Dreams."

We sat between a French newspaperman and a law student and part-time journalist who happens also to be a student of the A.B.A. The Frenchman has a low opinion of most Ameri-

can lawyers. "As far as the Negroes are concerned, there are two kinds of people in this room," he told us. "Those who are paternalistic and those who simply engage in sewer service." He left directly after the entrée.

The law student, a young man who seemed almost as skeptical as Mr. Haber, filled us in on the annual meeting while the band played a medley from "South Pacific." "The incoming president of the A.B.A., who's from Houston and who's named Leon Jaworski, has announced the major program of his administration," he said. "His big push is going to be a campaign to teach understanding of the legal processes in the primary and secondary schools of the country. That way, every high-school graduate will have respect for law and order. The other big theme of the whole meeting is that lawyers should discipline themselves before just a couple of rotten apples spoil the barrel. Chief Justice Burger has had a lot to say on that subject; Edward L. Wright, the outgoing president of the A.B.A., has mentioned it; and Wilbur Mills, who's the speaker tonight, is going to mention it. The rotten apples referred to are the lawyers who have been defending the Panthers and the Chicago Seven and other unpopular people. Very few of the rotten apples are members of the A.B.A."

The orchestra broke into the "Blue Danube Waltz," and the dance floor,

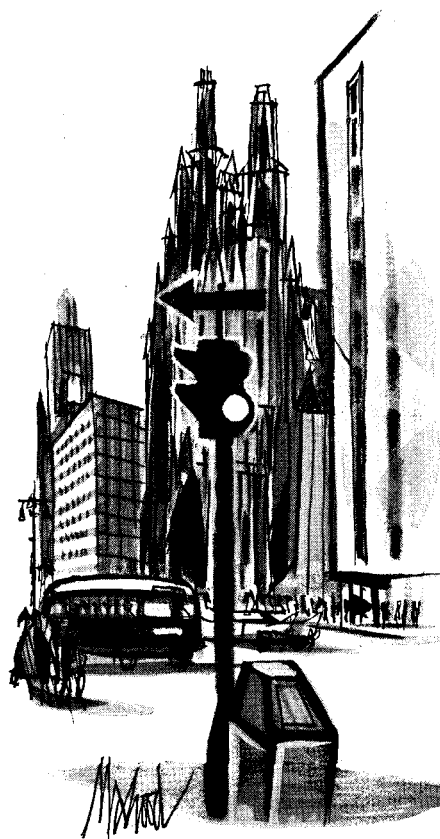
which had been full, emptied quickly.

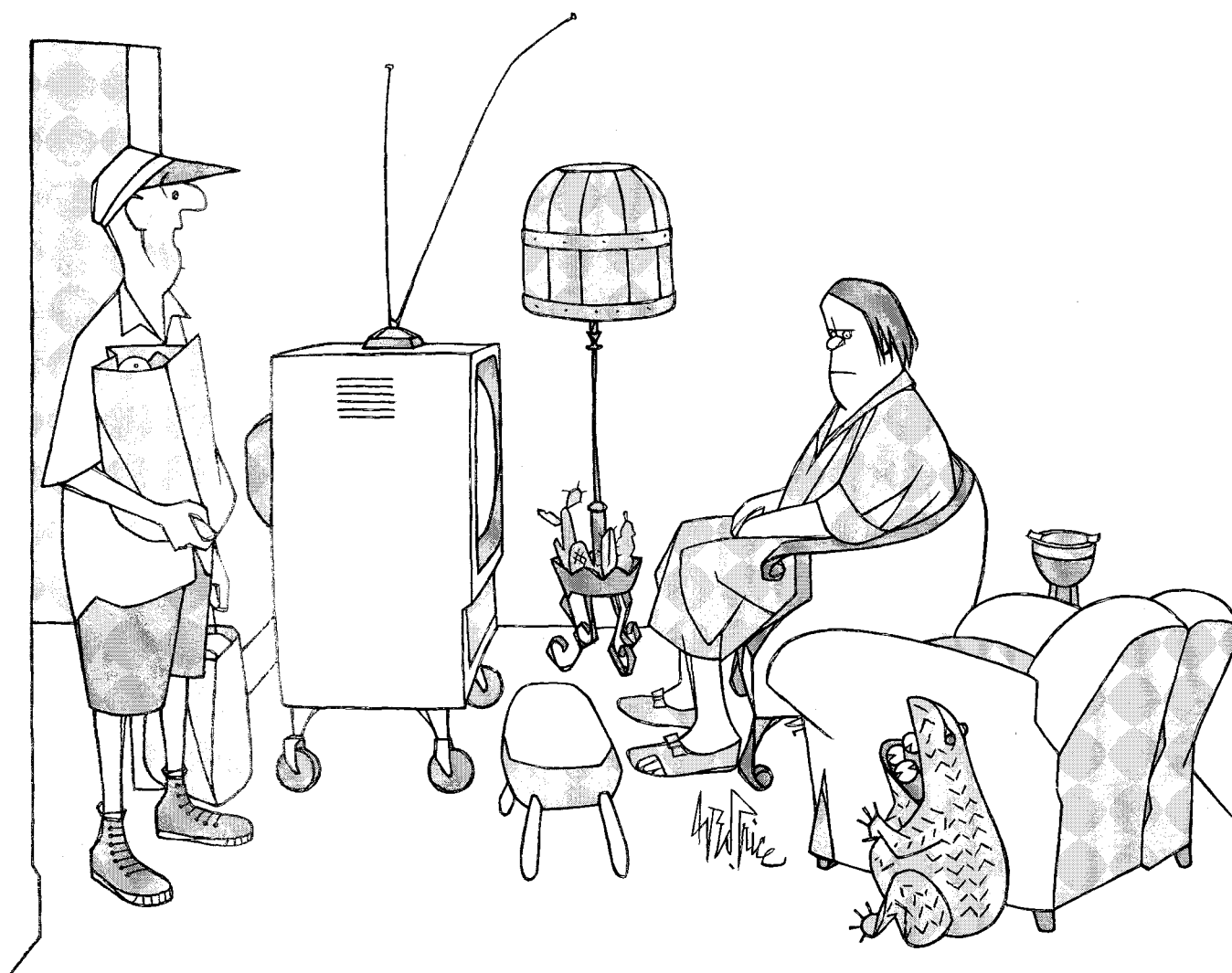
"I don't know if you know much about the A.B.A.," the student said. "It is very Southern, and the average age of the hundred and fifty thousand members is forty-five. In 1966, they declared, by a vote of their House of Delegates, that United States participation in the war in Vietnam was not in violation of international law. They said that both Judge Haynsworth and Judge Carswell were professionally qualified for the Supreme Court. They are also responsible for what my English friends tell me is the most hideous public monument in England since the Albert Memorial—the Magna Carta Memorial, at Runnymede. This year, a group of young lawyers in New York has presented to the Resolutions Committee a resolution to get out of Vietnam. This is the first year that any such thing has happened, one reason being that young lawyers in New York don't tend to join the A.B.A. The young lawyers have put on a pretty good show. They got Representative Paul N. McCloskey, Jr., and Francis T. P. Plimpton to come and testify for their resolutions today, and, as you know, Francis T. P. Plimpton is the most distinguished-looking man in the country. They both made quite an impression. The Resolutions Committee sat for three and a half hours. There are a lot of very old men on that committee, and they must be exhausted. They didn't even get to go to the reception at Gracie Mansion, because they had to talk about Vietnam. I'll bet that ticked them off. The young lawyers probably won't pull it off, though, because the A.B.A. has a long history of not taking a stand." Our young friend subsequently turned out to be correct; the Resolutions Committee resolved not to recommend adoption of the resolution to withdraw from Vietnam.

Right then, the student paused while Danny Rubinstein, a flutist with the orchestra, played "Autumn Leaves" as a solo and got a nice hand.

"I think we're going to get ice-cream cake for dessert for the third time this week," the student said gloomily. Then he brightened up. "I had a chat with Judge Gurfein today," he said. "The judge in the *Times* case. Nobody here has mentioned the *Times* case all week. Judge Gurfein is just a real nice man. He's interested in law students. Most people aren't so nice to young people here—they're all too pleased with themselves. Judge Gurfein really spent a few minutes with me. He didn't just walk off when someone distinguished came along."

After dessert, which was ice-cream





"Were there any important messages for the men in the audience while I was out?"

cake, the student said he had to push along. He told us not to forget to mention that the dinner cost twenty dollars, and that no dinner or lunch at the annual meeting had cost less than five. We stayed for the speeches. A number of people got standing ovations (Representative Mills got two), and Mr. Moreau was given a nice round of applause for the decorations (flowers and flags). But we noticed that nobody got any applause louder than the applause already handed out to Danny Rubinstein, the flutist.

CHARACTERISTIC dialogue with a telephone operator, New York City, July, 1971, rates rising, skies darkening:

Having dialled "O," one says, "Operator, I want to put in a person-to-person long-distance call to the curator of Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home, in Charlottesville, Virginia. I don't know his number. I'd like you to make the call for me."

"You can dial person-to-person direct."

"I know that, but I want you to do it for me."

"What is the number?"

"I just told you, Operator, that I don't know the number."

"Then you dial Information at where it's at."

"Charlottesville. I said that. But that's what I'm asking you to do."

"You say Charlotte?"

"Charlottesville. In Virginia."

After nearly a minute, one hears a far-off voice responding to a ring.

The New York operator: "Charlotte?"

"No, this is Charlottesville."

"Yeah. Well. Hold on." Then: "Now you can ask her what that number is you want."

"Operator, that's what I've been asking you to do."

"You got Information right there—she can tell you."

"Operator, would you believe that once upon a time I could pick up a

phone and ask the operator to get me somebody person-to-person and she would do it? Even if she had to find out the number all by herself?"

"You got Information there in Charlotte, you go ahead and ask her." "Operator—"

"This is Charlottesville. What number did you wish?"

"I wanted my operator here to get me the curator of Monticello."

"That number is 703-293-2158."

"Thank you. I don't suppose you could get the number for me?"

"Sorry, sir, I'm just Information."

"New York operator? Are you still there?"

No answer.

Company

THE day before a thirtyish friend of ours was to drive north for a Maine vacation, he received a note from a neighbor's teen-age son, which brought his packing to an abrupt halt. The note read, "Can you give George,

his girl friend, and her boy friend a lift to Rockport tomorrow?"

Presentation

LAST week, we answered a call to go to the Waldorf Towers and witness the presentation of a record album called "MacArthur's Legacy" to Mrs. Douglas MacArthur by Rudy Vallée.

"Why Rudy Vallée?" we asked Bernie Green, an old-fashioned-type Broadway press agent representing the MacArthur Memorial Foundation, which got out the album—a collection of General MacArthur's speeches and reminiscences.

"Because Rudy tried to enlist in *two* wars," Mr. Green said. "Rudy's voice is on the record. Here. You get No. 2." He handed us an album that had no words on the front cover—only a still-life photograph of General MacArthur's Army cap, a pair of sunglasses, and a corncob pipe. "Rudy's gonna give No. 1 to Mrs. MacArthur," Mr. Green said as he escorted us from the Waldorf's publicity office to a two-room suite on the twenty-seventh floor. We marched along with some wire-service reporters and photographers, and a television-camera crew from the American Broadcasting Company herded by John Schubeck, the commentator we often see on Channel 7.

While the television cameramen were setting up their equipment in the living room of the suite, the A.P. photographer looked the room over without enthusiasm. "Nothing," he said to a woman named Lola Preiss, who does publicity for the Waldorf.

"You completely booked up?" a reporter asked Miss Preiss.

"In July and August, we don't sell out," Miss Preiss said. "But I think this room is ample."

"Nothing," said the A.P. photographer. "You should have seen how *MacArthur* lived when he lived here. The suite he had!"

The main cameraman for A.B.C. flopped down in an armchair, wilting. "Has Bernie Green provided water for the journalists?" he asked. "If we don't get water, we go out of focus."

"Any snacks?" Mr. Green asked Miss Preiss.

The telephone rang.

"If it's my ex-wife, I'm not here!" one of the photographers yelled.

Mr. Green said he was going to order some soft drinks. "Call Rudy," he said to a heavysset man dressed up as a kind of American flag: white pants with wide blue stripes; white shoes; white jacket with thin blue stripes; red shirt; red-white-and-blue striped tie; red handkerchief sticking out of breast pocket.

"Not yet," the American-flag man said. "If Rudy's got to hang around, there'll be hell to pay. After everybody's here, *then* I call Rudy."

"Now!" said Mr. Green. "She's coming. Call Rudy."

We looked down the corridor. Mrs. MacArthur was coming. She wore white gloves, white shoes, a white pearl necklace, a white pearl bracelet, white pearl earrings, and a red-and-white silk print dress with matching jacket, and she carried a white handbag. She was smiling a little.

"Wherever she walks, you film," Mr. Schubeck said to his cameraman. "Turn the lights on. Let's go!"

"Am I coming in right?" Mrs. MacArthur asked graciously, entering the living room. "Nice to see you," she said, nodding politely to each of the reporters and photographers, and shaking hands with those whose hands were free. "Is this what you want?" she asked. "Nice to see you. Nice to see you." The television lights stayed on her, and the cameraman followed her as she shook hands and made her way to the far end of the room.

Then Rudy Vallée arrived. His face was made up for television. He had on a dark-gray pin-stripe suit, a light-



"There's your affluent society for you."

blue shirt with a detachable white collar of the kind that was worn by Herbert Hoover, and a red-white-and-blue striped tie.

"This is my Sony tape recorder," Mr. Vallée said to us, holding it up. "I tape-record everything I do. After this is over, I'll probably discover, geez, no tape."

Mr. Green and the flag man led Mr. Vallée over to Mrs. MacArthur. The television lights were on them. They shook hands and smiled at each other.

"This is my tape recorder," Mr. Vallée said to Mrs. MacArthur, turning the machine on and putting it in his coat pocket. "I've been tape-recording everything I do. I saw 'Lenny' last night and put it on tape. I got the first act of 'Follies' at today's matinée, but I had to leave to do this."

"Oh, yes?" Mrs. MacArthur said, looking interested.

Mr. Green handed Mr. Vallée the No. 1 album of "MacArthur's Legacy."

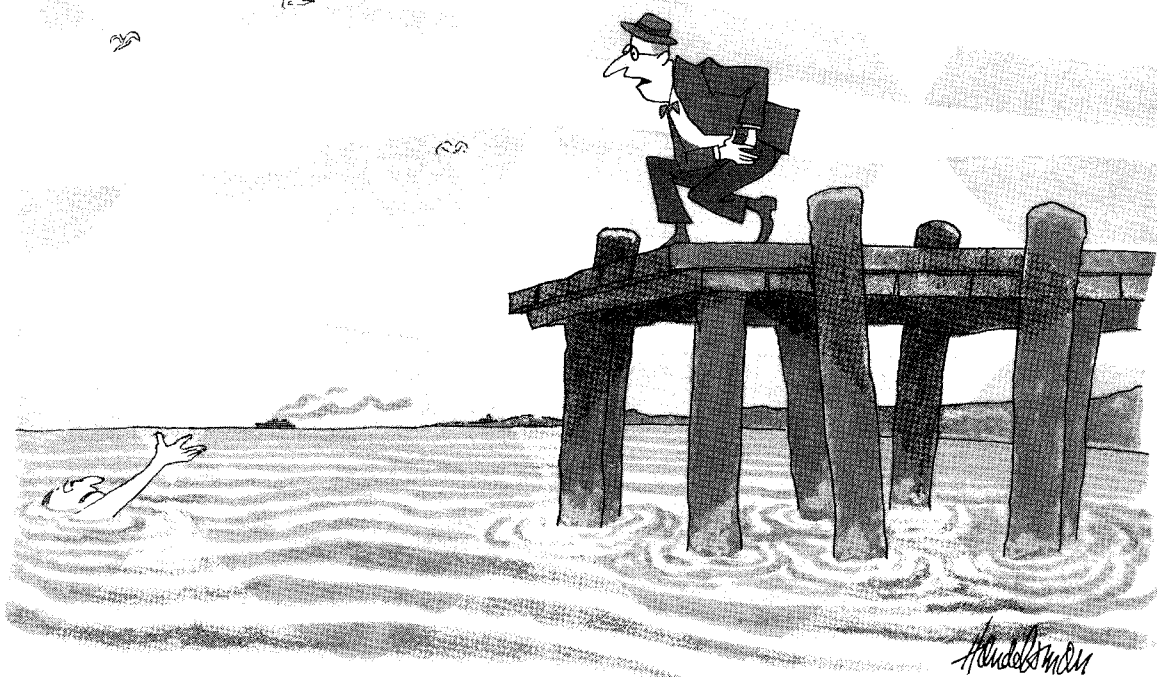
"I'm going to see 'No, No, Nanette' tonight, and I'll tape it," Mr. Vallée said. "I had a date in 1925 with the girl who played the part of the maid in 'No, No, Nanette.' I met her at the Arcadia Ballroom. I told her, 'We're playing your tunes down at Yale.'"

"O.K., Rudy, you hand her the album," Mr. Green said to Mr. Vallée.

"Yeah," said Mr. Vallée. "Beautiful cover," he said to Mrs. MacArthur. "Say, did he really enjoy smoking that corn-cob pipe?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. MacArthur said, flashing pearly white teeth, which matched her necklace, bracelet, and earrings.

Mrs. MacArthur and Mr. Vallée were joined in front of the cameras by Laurence Eliot Bunker, a retired Army colonel, who was an aide-de-camp to General MacArthur in Japan, and who is first vice-president of the MacArthur Memorial Foundation. Colonel Bunker had a red-white-and-blue Distinguished Service Medal button in the lapel of his jacket. He put a hand on the album



"I can't swim! Would ten dollars help?"

and said to Mr. Vallée, "You're the only person who tried twice to get into uniform."

"I thank you for coming," Mrs. MacArthur said to Mr. Vallée.

"If they ever make a movie called 'MacArthur's Legacy,' maybe I'll play the title role," Mr. Vallée said.

Mrs. MacArthur gave him another gracious smile.

Mr. Schubeck stepped into the spotlight with her and Mr. Vallée.

"Of all of General MacArthur's speeches recorded in this album, which speech is your favorite?" Mr. Schubeck asked, smiling that hugely-enjoying-himself A.B.C. commentator's smile at Mrs. MacArthur.

She gave him a pearly smile right back. "Oh, everything the General said, to me, was fine," she said.

"Especially the night he proposed," said Mr. Vallée.

"I want to thank you for your kindness," Mrs. MacArthur said, starting to leave but lingering a little. "And I hope you'll thank everyone who had a part in the making of the album."

"Now you can get back for the second half of 'Follies,'" Miss Preiss said to Mr. Vallée, but he lingered, too.

"I hope it all works out nicely," Mrs. MacArthur said to Mr. Green, shaking his hand.

The soft drinks arrived, wheeled in

on a cart by a Waldorf waiter. The cart blocked the exit.

"Not a thing for me, thank you," Mrs. MacArthur said, smiling at the waiter. "But perhaps the reporters would like to have some Cokes." She still lingered, and looked in at the bedroom of the suite. "Aren't these nice suites?" she said. "It all looks so comfortable."

Mrs. MacArthur left. Mr. Vallée checked the instant replay of his tape recorder. "... Oh, everything the General said, to me, was fine..." Mr. Vallée snapped it off.

"What do you do with the tapes?" we asked him.

"Put them all in my vaults," he said cheerfully. "I've got everything I've ever done since 1933 on tape. All my night-club shows. All the 'Fleischmann Hours.' Everything."

"Anybody want a soft drink?" Mr. Green called out.

"Me," Mr. Vallée said cheerfully.

We went home and started playing "MacArthur's Legacy." End of Side 4, the General's address before the United States Congress, April 19, 1951: "... I am closing my fifty-two years of military service. ... Old soldiers never die; they just fade away. ... I now close my military career ... an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty. Goodbye."

CRITIQUE DE LA VIE QUOTIDIENNE

WHILE I read the *Journal of Sensory Deprivation*, Wanda, my former wife, read *Elle*.

Elle was an incitement to revolt to one who had majored in French in college and had now nothing much to do with herself except take care of a child and look out of the window. Wanda empathized with the magazine. "*Femmes enceintes, ne mangez pas de bifteck cru!*" *Elle* once proclaimed, and Wanda complied. Not a shred of *bifteck cru* passed her lips during the whole period of her pregnancy. She cultivated, as *Elle* instructed, *un petit air naïf*, or the schoolgirl look. She was always pointing out to me four-color photographs of some handsome restored mill in Brittany which had been redone with Arne Jacobsen furniture and bright red and orange plastic things from Milan: "*Une Maison Qui Capte la Nature.*" During this period *Elle* ran something like four thousand separate *actualité* pieces on Anna Karina, the film star, and Wanda actually came to resemble her somewhat.

Our evenings lacked promise. The world in the evening seems fraught with the absence of promise, if you are a married man. There is nothing to do but go home and drink your nine drinks and forget about it.

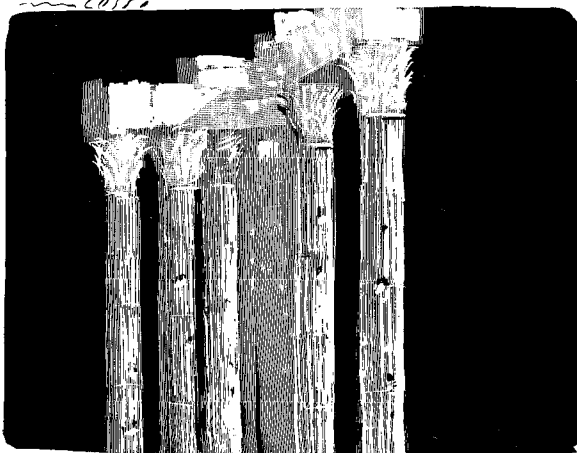
Slumped there in your favorite chair, with your nine drinks lined up on the side table in soldierly array, and your hand never far from them, and your other hand holding on to the plump belly of the overfed child, and perhaps rocking a bit, if the chair is a rocking chair as mine was in those days, then it is true that a tiny tendril of contempt—strike that, *content*—might curl up from the storehouse where the world's content is kept, and reach into your softened brain and take hold there, persuading you that this, at last, is the fruit of all your labors, which you'd been wondering about in some such terms as, "Where is the fruit?" And so, newly cheered and warmed by this false insight, you reach out with your free hand (the one that is not clutching the nine drinks) and pat the hair of the child, and the child looks up into your face, gauging your mood as it were, and says, "Can I have a horse?" which is after all a perfectly reasonable request, in some ways, but in other ways is total ruin to that state of six-o'clock equilibrium you have so painfully achieved, because it, the child's request, is of course absolutely

out of the question, and so you say "No!" as forcefully as possible—a bark rather like a bite—in such a way as to put the quietus on this project, having a horse, once and for all, permanently. But, placing yourself in the child's ragged shoes, which look more like used Brillo pads than shoes now that you regard them closely, you remember that time long ago on the other side of the Great War when you too desired a horse, and so, pulling yourself together, and putting another drink in your mouth (that makes three, I believe), you assume a thoughtful look (indeed, the same grave and thoughtful look you have been wearing all day, to confuse your enemies and armor yourself against the indifference of your friends) and begin to speak to the child softly, gently, cunningly even, explaining that the genus horse prefers the great open voids, where it can roam, and graze, and copulate with other attractive horses, to the confined space of a broken-down brownstone apartment, and that a horse if obtained would not be happy here, in the child's apartment, and does he, the child, want an unhappy horse, moping and brooding, and lying all over the double bed in the bedroom, and perhaps vomiting at intervals, and maybe even kicking down a wall or two, to express its rage? But the child, sensing the way the discussion is trending, says impatiently, with a chop of its tiny little hand, "No, I don't *mean* that," giving you to understand that it, the child, had not intended what you are arguing against but had intended something else altogether: a horse personally owned by it, the child, but pastured at a stable in the park, a horse such as Otto has—"Otto has a horse?" you say in astonishment—Otto being a schoolfellow of the child, and indeed the same age, and no brighter as far as the naked eye can determine but perhaps a shade more fortunate in the

wealth dimension, and the child nods, yes, Otto has a horse, and a film of tears is squeezed out and presented to you, over its eyes, and with liberal amounts of anathematization for Otto's feckless parents and the profound hope that the fall of the market has ruined them beyond repair you push the weeping child with its filmic tears off your lap and onto the floor and turn to your wife, who has been listening to all of this with her face turned to the wall, and no doubt a look upon her face corresponding to that which St. Catherine of Siena bent upon poor Pope Gregory whilst reproaching him for the luxury of Avignon, if you could see it (but of course you cannot, as her face is turned to the wall)—you look, as I say, to your wife, as the cocktail hour fades, there being only two drinks left of the nine (and you have sworn a mighty oath never to take more than nine before supper, because of what it does to you), and inquire in the calmest tones available what is for supper and would she like to -----

----- for visiting this outrageous child upon you. She, rising with a regal sweep of her *air naïf*, and not failing to let you have a good look at her handsome legs, those legs you could have if you were good, motors out of the room and into the kitchen, where she throws the dinner on the floor, so that when you enter the kitchen to get some more ice you begin skidding and skating about in a muck of pork chops, squash, *sauce diable*, Danish stainless-steel flatware, and Louis Martini Mountain Red. So, this being the content of your happy hour, you decide to break your iron-clad rule, that rule of rules, and have eleven drinks instead of the modest nine with which you had been wont to stave off the song of twilight, when the lights are low, and the flickering shadows, etc., etc. But, opening the refrigerator, you discover that the slovenly bitch has failed to fill up the ice trays so

there is *no more ice* for your tenth and eleventh sloshes. On discovering this you are just about ready to throw in the entire enterprise, happy home, and go to the bordel for the evening, where at least you can be sure that everyone will be kind to you, and not ask you for a horse, and the floor will not be a muck of *sauce diable* and pork chops. But when you put your hand in your pocket you discover that there are only three dollars there—not enough to cover a sortie to the bordel, where Uni-Cards are not ac-





"God! It's so—environmental!"

cepted, so that the entire scheme, going to the bordel, is blasted. Upon making these determinations, which are not such as to bring the hot flush of excitement to the old cheek, you measure out your iceless over-the-limit drinks, using a little cold water as a make-do, and return to what is called the "living" room, and prepare to live, for a little while longer, in a truce with your circumstances—aware that there are

wretches worse off than you, people whose trepanations have not been successful, girls who have not been invited to the sexual revolution, priests still frocked. It is seven-thirty.

I REMEMBER once we were sleeping in a narrow bed, Wanda and I, in a hotel, on a holiday, and the child crept into bed with us.

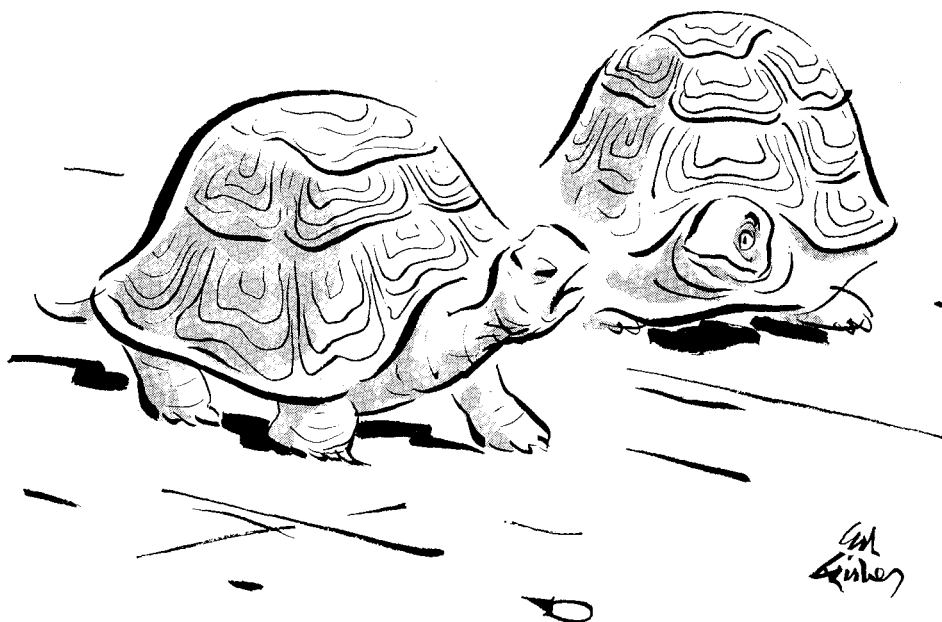
"If you insist on overburdening the

bed," we said, "you must sleep at the bottom, with the feet." "But I don't want to sleep with the feet," the child said. "Sleep with the feet," we said, "they won't hurt you." "The feet kick," the child said, "in the middle of the night." "The feet or the floor," we said. "Take your choice." "Why can't I sleep with the heads," the child asked, "like everybody else?" "Because you are a child," we said, and the child

side. That was a good, a fatherly thing to do. It was a cheap bicycle, \$29.95 or some such, and the seat wobbled and the mother came home from the park with the bicycle in an absolute fury because the child was being penalized by my penury, in the matter of the seat. "I will fix it," I said. I went to the hardware store and bought a two-and-one-half-inch piece of pipe which I used as a collar around the seat's stem to accommodate the downward thrust. Then I affixed a flexible metal strap eight inches in length first to the back of the seat and then to the chief upright, by means of screws. This precluded side-to-side motion of the seat. A triumph of field expediency. Everyone was loving and kind that night. The child brought me my nine drinks very prettily, setting them on the side table and lining them up with the aid of a metrestick, into a perfect straight line. "Thank you," I said. We beamed at each other contesting as to who could maintain the beam the longest.

I visited the child's nursery school, once. Fathers were invited seriatim, one father a day. I sat there on a little chair while the children ran to and fro and made sport. I was served a little cake. A tiny child not my own attached herself to me. Her father was in England, she said. She had visited him there and his apartment was full of cockroaches. I wanted to take her home with me.

AFTER the separation, which came about after what is known as the breaking point was reached, Wanda visited me in my bachelor setup. We were drinking healths. "Health to the child!" I proposed. Wanda lifted her glass. "Health to your projects!" she proposed, and I was pleased. That seemed very decent of her. I lifted my glass. The only thing I enjoy more than lifting my glass is lifting the cork, on a new bottle. I lifted the cork on a new bottle. "Health to the republic!" I proposed. We drank to that. Then Wanda proposed a health. "Health to abandoned wives!" she said. "Well now," I said. "'Abandoned,' that's a little strong." "Pushed out, jettisoned, abjured, thrown away," she said. "I remember," I said, "a degree of mutuality, in our parting." "And when guests came," she said, "you always made me sit in the kitchen." "I thought you liked it in the kitchen," I said. "You were forever telling me to get out of the bloody kitchen." "And when my overbite required correction," she said, "you would not pay for the apparatus." "Seven years of sitting by the window with your thumb in your



"Well, I, for one, completely foresaw the urban breakdown. In fact, I've been leaving the city since 1963."

mouth," I said. "What did you expect?" "And when I needed a new frock," she said, "you hid the Uni-Card." "There was nothing wrong with the old one," I said, "that a few well-placed patches couldn't have fixed." "And when we were invited to the Argentine Embassy," she said, "you made me drive the car in a chauffeur's cap, and park the car, and stand about with the other drivers outside while you chatted up the Ambassador." "You know no Spanish," I pointed out. "It was not the happiest of marriages," she said, "all in all." "There has been a sixty-per-cent increase in single-person households in the last ten years, according to the Bureau of the Census," I told her. "Perhaps we are part of a trend." That thought did not seem to console her much. "Health to the child!" I proposed, and she said, "We've already done that." "Health to the mother of the child!" I said, and she said, "I'll drink to that." To tell the truth we were getting a little wobbly on our pins, at this point. "It is probably not necessary to rise each time," I said, and she said, "Thank God," and sat. I looked at her then to see if I could discern traces of what I had seen in the beginning. There were traces but only traces. Vestiges. Hints of a formerly intact mystery never to be returned to its original wholeness. "I know what you're doing," she said, "you are touring the ruins." "Not at all," I said. "You look very well, considering." "Considering!" she cried, and withdrew from her bosom an extremely large horse pistol. "Health to the dead!" she proposed, meanwhile

waving the horse pistol in the air in an agitated manner. I drank that health, but with misgivings, because who was she talking about? "The sacred dead," she said with relish. "The well-beloved, the well-esteemed, the well-remembered, the well-ventilated." She attempted to ventilate me then, with the horse pistol. The barrel wavered to the right of my head, and to the left of my head, and I remembered that although its guidance system was primitive its calibre was large. The weapon discharged with a blurt of sound and the ball smashed a bottle of J & B on the mantel. She wept. The place stank of Scotch. I called her a cab.

WANDA is happier now, I think. She has taken herself off to Nanterre where she is studying Marxist sociology with Lefebvre (not impertinently, the author of the "Critique de la Vie Quotidienne"). The child is being cared for in an experimental nursery school for the children of graduate students run, I understand, in accord with the best Piagetian principles. And I, I have my J & B. The J & B company keeps manufacturing it, case after case, year in and year out, and there is, I am told, no immediate danger of a dearth.

—DONALD BARTHELME

More than one hundred banner-waving mice marched on the Ministry of Education in Brussels yesterday to back student demands for increased status for engineering diplomas.—*Evening News of India, Bombay.*

Activists! They're everywhere.

THE THIRD ONE

A STORY

IT was sweltering outside, but the cafeteria was cool. During the day, between three and five, it was almost empty. I took a table near the wall, drank coffee, nibbled a piece of apple cake, and looked into an occult magazine. In the letters to the editor, a woman wrote that her cat had been run over by a car and she had buried it but still it came to visit her every night. The woman gave her name and her address in a Texas village. There was sincerity in the letter; surely it could not have been made up. But does the astral body really exist? I wondered. And do animals possess it, too? If so, my whole philosophy must be revised.

Before I could undertake so large an order, I went to the counter and got another cup of coffee. "One reality has nothing to do with the other," I said to myself.

I looked at the few people sitting around me. A young man in a pink shirt was studying a racing form, smoking one cigarette after another; his ashtray overflowed with butts and ashes. Two tables away a girl was reading the want ads in the daily paper. To the left near the door sat a tall man with a white beard and long white hair—a relic of old America. I often saw him. He looked poor but clean, and he always carried a book with him. Was he religious? Was he a freethinker of the old school, a pacifist, a vegetarian, a spiritualist, an anarchist? I had been curious about him for some time, but I never made an effort to find out who he was.

At the table next to mine someone had left half a cup of coffee and an almost untouched piece of cheesecake. These leftovers always made me wonder. If I never published anything again, if I were to become destitute, could I sustain myself on what other people left on their plates? I had seen whole rolls, plates of soup, saucers of rice pudding. Could I clothe myself in the cast-off clothing I saw in garbage cans?

Once, I found a book called "Spiritual Wives" in a trash can. It was the history of an American sect in which men and women married intellectually, for the purpose of spiritual communion. It was one of the most interesting books I have ever read, but no one I asked had heard about it. A writer had written it, a publisher had published it. Probably it had never been reviewed.

Could it be that somewhere in the heavenly spheres there was a library where everything that was ever thought or spoken or written was recorded and preserved?

The door opened and in came someone I recognized, although I could not recall his name or where I had met him. He was a small man with a shock of hair the color of sand. His head was too big for his body. He could have been anywhere from forty to fifty-five. There was a withered haggardness in his face. He had high cheekbones, a short nose, a long upper lip, and the tiny chin of a baby. He wore a sports shirt and linen trousers. At the check machine he hesitated. His yellow eyes darted from right to left as if he were searching for someone. Then he saw me and his face lit up. He pulled a check out vigorously, and the machine gave a loud ring. He approached my table with mincing steps. He was wearing sandals with two straps. He seemed to have adjusted to the heat of New York, while I wore a suit, hat, and tie. When he got to my table, he said in the familiar Polish Yiddish of the Lublin region, "What are you doing here in the middle of the day? Cooling off? May I sit with you? Can I bring you something?" His voice was slightly nasal.

"Thank you. Nothing. Sit down."

"You once promised to call me," he said. "But that's how things are in this city—no one has the time or the patience. You probably lost my number anyway. I do it myself—I write down addresses and numbers and they disappear. Do you come here often? I used to be a steady customer, but not lately. My wife has asked about you several times. Do you live nearby?" Before I could answer him, he ran over to the counter with quick little steps. "Who is he?" I asked myself. The truth was that I had hoped to be alone.

He came back with a glass of iced coffee and blueberry pie. "I wanted to go to a movie," he said, "but who wants to go alone? I don't know what they're playing, but perhaps you'd like to go with me. You'd be my guest."

"Thank you, but I haven't the slightest desire for a movie."

"No? As a rule I don't go to the movies unless my wife forces me, but today I was ready to sit for a few hours and forget the daily grind. I don't even look at the screen most of

the time. I let them talk, shoot, sing, or whatever they please, without me. Since you know that you can't change anything that goes on up there, you become a fatalist. Sometimes I imagine that reality is just another movie. Do you ever feel that?"

"Yes, but in the real movie we all take part and have a little choice—we can play either right or wrong."

"So you believe in free will. I don't believe in it—absolutely not. We are marionettes—nothing more. Someone pulls at a string and we dance. I'm a complete determinist."

"Just the same, when you cross the street and a car is coming you run."

"That's determined, too. I read in the paper once that a young man and his girl had supper and then sat down to play Russian roulette. Between yes and no, he killed himself. Everyone wants to test fate. Why haven't I seen your name in the papers lately?"

"I haven't had anything published."

"That's the reason I became a landlord, if you can call it that. I bought a building with furnished rooms and make my living from it. Some weeks are better, some are worse, but at least I don't have to listen to the opinions of an editor. People pay me in advance. I get all kinds. The man may be a murderer, a thief, or a pimp, but he gives me the five dollars and I give him the key. Today I wanted one of the rooms for a few hours myself, but they were all taken. You never know." He took a sip of his coffee, raised his eyebrows, and said, "You don't know who I am, do you?"

"I know you, but I'm sorry to say I don't remember your name. It's a kind of amnesia with me."

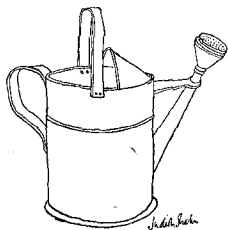
"I saw it at once. Fingerbein—Zelig Fingerbein. This is my pen name. No one calls me by my real name anymore. We were introduced at the Café Royal."

"Of course. Now I know everything," I said. "You have a very pretty wife—Genia."

"So you do remember! I often forget faces and events. I used to write poems and I published, too, but who needs poetry today? It's unnecessary merchandise. Still, there are emotions that only a poem can express. Imagine the Song of Songs in any other form! But it's obsolete: 'Love is strong as death. Jealousy is cruel as the grave.' Othello, too. To be jealous and strangle someone isn't such an accomplishment anymore. True love is forgiveness. Civilized man has to learn the greatest of all arts: to overcome jealousy. Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Why not? A cigarette helps some-





"Of course, at that time you were just a gleam in your father's eye."

times. Women had to suffer for generations—polygamy, harems, men who came back from war with concubines. Now men will have to take their medicine. Women have the same appetites as we do—maybe bigger. Don't laugh at me, but the underworld is a lot more advanced about these things than we are, though I hear that Europeans have made big steps forward. When a king of England gives up his throne to marry an American divorcee, it isn't just stuff for a headline but a symbol of the new time and the new men."

Zelig Fingerbein put his little fist on the table. He tasted the blueberry pie and pushed the plate away. He asked, "Do you have some time?"

"Yes, I have time."

"I know I'll regret what I'm going to do. But since I didn't go to the movies and met you here, I want to tell you something that has a connection with you."

"With me? How?"

"Actually with your writing—not with you personally."

THE little man who called himself Zelig Fingerbein turned his head, as if suspicious of being listened to. His yellow eyes watched me, half smiling, half questioning. He said, "No one else must ever know what I'm about to tell you. We all need to confide in someone. If no one knows your secret, it's not a secret but just a hidden thing.

It has to do with my wife. There's a great love between us. When I was a bachelor, I always thought there could not be any love between people who stood under the wedding canopy and shared a bedroom. No institution is so much spat on and laughed at as the institution of marriage. But most of these jokers sooner or later go to a rabbi or a pastor and tie the knot. If one marriage fails, they try a second, a third—a fifth. Of course, there are a lot of old bachelors and spinsters, but they want to marry, too. They keep searching until they die.

"You just said that my wife is beautiful. Thank you. I cannot tell you how beautiful she was as a girl. We both come from Kielce. We belonged to the Youths of Zion—that's how we met. All the young men were in love with her—some desperately. I'm not much of a man physically—that's obvious—but I was more intelligent than the others, and Genia and I developed a strong love for each other. I would not serve in the Polish Army, so we came to America in 1924, the very day before America closed its doors on free immigration. We were poor as the night, and Genia went to work in a shop so that I could scribble my poems. She thought I was going to become a second Slowacki or Byron. Well, as my mother used to say, 'Those who think fool themselves.' I don't have to tell you what it means to be a Yiddish poet

in New York. In my circumstances, Lord Byron would have become a landlord, too.

"I grew disenchanted with my creative powers slowly. But our love didn't suffer from this. What a woman sees in a man and what a man sees in a woman no third person can ever make out. No matter how difficult the day was, our evenings were always a holiday. No matter where we lived—Broome Street, Ocean Avenue, Brighton Beach—our apartment was always lovely. We both liked pretty things, and in those days you could get antiques on Third Avenue for a song. To our regret, we had no children. I became a Yiddish teacher and I earned a decent living. Once in a while, when an editor had to fill a hole, I got something published in a magazine. Genia became a forelady at her shop. We didn't spend every penny we earned. In the summer, we went to a hotel in the Catskills. We travelled through the United States. We even went to Europe. Still, I never made peace with my failure as a poet, and Genia suffered from it. One of our great pleasures was reading. I loved literature, and Genia couldn't exist without books. In the beginning, we read Yiddish and Polish, and later English, after we learned the language. I'm not boasting, but we both have good taste—remember the cantor who said, 'I can't sing, but I understand singing'? Genia's taste is even better than



"Underachiever!"

mine. It's curious how people who are dull and deaf are critics and professors of literature, while Genia, who has a perfect ear for words, is a shop worker. Well, it's all part of the hypocrisy of this world. Actually, neither Genia nor I overworked; her job left her plenty of free time, and in a Yiddish school there's not much to do. We had people for supper; we had little parties, usually with the same few friends. But we liked to be together best of all, and we often thanked God when our guests left. How many couples have such a life?

"But no matter how much I loved my wife, I was never indifferent to other women. I don't have to explain it to you. What defense do modern people have against indulgence? I wasn't pious, and even if I had been, having more than one woman was not a real sin according to the Jews. The interdiction against polygamy was forced on us by the Christians. I might not have been a Byron, but my appetite for women was as strong as his. You know our milieu. There were always

opportunities. I never got seriously involved, but from time to time I made love to another woman. In the beginning, I kept it a secret from Genia, but Genia's instincts are sharp—sometimes I think she's a mind reader. When I finally confessed, she didn't make a big tragedy out of it. 'Do what you like, only come back to me,' she said. 'No woman can give you what I can.' Typical feminine talk. I also began to realize that my so-called adventures aroused a new desire in her. Nothing new in that, either.

"This is how it was for a good many years. Our evenings and nights were spent talking—fantasies, facts, the things we read in books. Like most men, I wanted my freedom when it came to other women, and at the same time I wanted my wife chaste. In the beginning Genia warned me that if I ran around she would try it, too. But time passed, and everything remained as it was. By nature, Genia is shy—the shyness that's inherited from God knows how many grandmothers. The thought of having anybody else made

her shudder—she told me herself. 'What would happen if—' was a game we used to play. 'Suppose you found yourself in this situation—what would you do?' We often drew the situations from your stories in the Yiddish papers. I wonder if you realize how much literature influences life. We probably pondered your heroes more than you did yourself.

"I could sit with you until tomorrow and not tell you a thousandth of what happened. But I'll keep it short. Genia began to insist that there was no basic difference between the psychology of women and men, and she even talked about finding herself a man. I didn't take it seriously. Her banter excited me, and it's good to be stimulated. She wanted to know how I would feel if she met someone who attracted her and she succumbed in a heated moment. Would I run away from her—stop loving her? If I did, wouldn't that prove that I had a double standard? I assured her that I would not; as they say in English, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. But it didn't mean anything—Genia was constantly being propositioned and she constantly said no. She confessed that she had decided to get even with me—once, at least—just to convince herself that she was a modern woman and not a sleepy yenta from behind the stove.

"She developed a real complex. Why couldn't she do what Mme. Bovary, Anna Karenina, or your Hadassa and Clara did? In her shop, the girls kept boasting about their successes. What isn't sex today? Satan doesn't need to strain his voice to tempt us. The nine muses do his work for him. And there was Genia, walking around like a sort of holy virgin. She started talking in a jargon she picked up from books by doctors and love experts about how backward she was.

"Don't laugh, but Genia demanded my help in getting a lover. Isn't that crazy? She said, 'I can't do it without you. Find someone for me.' She wanted just once to taste what being 'progressive' is like. One night we sat down and actually wrote out a whole list of candidates. It was a game. I'm already past fifty and Genia's not much younger. We could be grandparents. Instead, there we were, awake at night making lists of possible lovers. Funny, isn't it?"

"Not so funny."

"Wait. I'm going to get myself a coffee."

ZELIG FINGERBEIN brought two cups of coffee, one for himself and one for me. He took a sip and said, "In

my reading, I often came on the word '*Hausfreund*'—the wife's lover. I could never get the sense of it. Why would a man allow his wife to betray him? Why let him into the house to begin with? An invention of novelists and playwrights, I used to think. In Kielce, no one had this kind of arrangement. But here in America I saw that it exists—actors, doctors, businessmen. There actually are men who make friends of their wife's lover. They eat together, drink together, and go to the theatre together. It was beyond my wildest imagining that it could happen to me, but I have a *Hausfreund* now, and that's why I'm sitting here with you. That's why I wanted to go to a movie. When he comes, I leave. I even leave before he comes. Perhaps he's not exactly a *Hausfreund*, but he comes to the house and I know about it.

"It began like this. A few years ago, a refugee from Poland turned up. You might know him, so I'll just use his first name—Max. He was supposed to be completely Polandized, but he spoke good Yiddish. He's a painter—that's what he claims, anyway. He makes a few smudges on a canvas and it's supposed to be a sunset in Zakopane or a bullfight in Mexico. The main thing is that people buy it. The modern consumer is as much a charlatan as the producer. If a figure stands on its feet, it's banal. But if you put it on its head it's original. I met him in the Café Royal. He's a slippery fellow, with eager eyes that beg for love, friendship—the devil knows what. We were introduced and he fell over me as if I had been his long-lost brother. Right away he wanted to paint my portrait. He told me he had family in Kielce, and it came out that I was a distant relative. As a rule, when men act overly friendly to me it's because of Genia and they don't make a secret of it, but Genia wasn't around when Max and I met, and when he finally saw her he acted indifferent. Genia was insulted. She's not accustomed to being ignored by men.

"Max painted my portrait and made me look half ape, half crocodile. That's all they can do. It turned out that he was a shrewd businessman. He dealt in antiques and jewelry. He'd come to America only yesterday, and already he knew everybody and everybody knew him. He started offering us bargains: silver spice salvers, ivory pointers, ethrog boxes, snuffboxes, whatnot. Genia's crazy for bric-a-brac, and he sold them unusually cheap. Gradually, I realized that something wasn't kosher about him. It took him months to finish my portrait. He looked at me with longing eyes, and every chance he got he

touched me. Once, he tried to kiss me. I was shocked. After a while, he told me straight out that he was in love with me. I wanted to vomit. I said to him, 'Max, don't make a fool of yourself. I'm as far from that sort of madness as Heaven is from Hell.' He began to sigh like a rejected lover.

"I told it all to Genia and she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. You read about such things, but it seems unbelievable when you meet them. Now we had a new topic to chatter about at night. Genia was outraged that I could be more attractive to a man than she. I decided to get rid of him—but how? Max is not a man to let go. He kept coming to see us, and every time he came he brought a present. He knew all the theatre people—Broadway, not just Second Avenue—and he got us theatre tickets. There we'd be, the three of us, sitting together in the first row watching a play we would have had to wait months to see. He took us to Lindy's, and every place else. Is this the way one becomes a *Hausfreund*, I wondered. He tried to take my hand in the theatre, but I told him that if he did anything like that again I would be through with him. The whole business disgusted me.

"But suddenly a kind of competition arose between me and Genia. It almost amused me. Here was a beautiful woman trying to get that goon's attention, and he kept gaping at me. When Genia spoke to him, he pretended not to hear; when I said even the most trivial thing, he cried out with enthusiasm. Can you

imagine anything more ridiculous? But I began to realize that he was spoiling our family life. Every night, Genia and I figured out different excuses for getting him out of our lives. We made firm decisions. The next day, Max would call to say that he had a gift or a great bargain for us or some sensational story we had to hear. Before I could say no, Genia would have asked him for supper. I found out later that his antiques came from a factory that turned out reproductions. I also learned that most of his paintings were copies. This man was a fraud all the way through.

"I'm not going to draw it out. Genia started to meet him alone. She had given up her full-time job and worked only two days a week. In the meantime, I'd bought the building with the furnished rooms, and that took my attention. I no longer had any patience for that phony with his lovesick gazes. Genia still said terrible things about him, but apparently she wanted to steal him away from me. Actually, he acted like a woman. He gossiped, he loved gadgets, he wore rings with stones on almost all his fingers. His hair was long and shiny from hair oil. He was obsessed with clothes. I am the short one, not he, but he wore shoes with lifts. And his ties! What woman could put up with this? You'll say I'm naïve, but it never occurred to me that Genia would have an affair with him."

"An affair? Even though he's a homosexual?" I asked.

"The devil knows what he is. Since



Modell

everything else about him is a fake, maybe that is, too. Maybe his flirtation with me was only a way of getting to Genia. He's a sly boy. Slowly, as I drew away from him, Genia and he became cronies. They had lunch, supper; they went to the theatre and the movies together, to exhibitions. If I protested, Genia said, 'Who are you jealous of? He's more interested in you than he is in me.' The truth is, every time they went anywhere, I was invited, but I always refused. Genia swore to me that he never touched her, and I believed her. It went on like this for months. It's astonishing how capable men are of self-deceit. Besides, I was tired of all these movies, theatres, bargains. The apartment had to be painted, and where were we going to put the junk? Millions of things have been invented, but no one has found a way to avoid the crisis of painting an apartment. Suddenly all your belongings are moved out. Your paintings are taken down. Your books are in heaps on the floor. You become a stranger in your own house. The stench of the paint makes you sick. You see the bitter truth: that a home, like everything else, is just illusion.

"I began to feel that everything was falling apart, and then one night Genia confessed to me that she was having an affair with him."

ZELIG FINGERBEIN finished off his cold coffee in one gulp. He looked at me reproachfully. "Why are you so shocked? You write like a modern man, but here you are with the old morals and prejudices. I had them once, but I freed myself. You can't condemn a modern woman to live her whole life with the same man even if she adores him. You couldn't find a more retiring woman than Genia, but she's living in the twentieth century and you can't require her to believe that Zelig Fingerbein is the only male in New York. Just the same, when Genia told me about her affair, it made me sick. I felt as if my whole life was destroyed. If I could, I would have dragged her to the Sanhedrin and had her stoned—the way it was done in ancient times. But there's no Sanhedrin in New York. I could have packed my belongings and left—but where would I have gone? And who would I have gone to? The night she told me, I lay in bed with Genia and she cried like a little girl. 'What should I do? If you are ready to die, I'll die with you—just to show you that I belong to you and not to anyone else.' She wailed and trembled so that the bed shook and—you can call me an idiot—I comforted

IN THE WAITING ROOM

In Worcester, Massachusetts, I went with Aunt Consuelo to keep her dentist's appointment and sat and waited for her in the dentist's waiting room. It was winter. It got dark early. The waiting room was full of grown-up people, arctics and overcoats, lamps and magazines. My aunt was inside what seemed like a long time and while I waited I read the *National Geographic* (I could read) and carefully studied the photographs: The inside of a volcano, black, and full of ashes; then it was spilling over in rivulets of fire. Osa and Martin Johnson dressed in riding breeches, laced boots, and pith helmets. A dead man slung on a pole—"Long Pig," the caption said. Babies with pointed heads wound round and round with string; black, naked women with necks wound round and round with wire like the necks of light bulbs. Their breasts were horrifying. I read it right straight through. I was too shy to stop. And then I looked at the cover: the yellow margins, the date.

Suddenly, from inside, came an *oh!* of pain—Aunt Consuelo's voice—not very loud or long. I wasn't at all surprised; even then I knew she was a foolish, timid woman. I might have been embarrassed, but wasn't. What took me completely by surprise was that it was *me*: my voice, in my mouth. Without thinking at all I was my foolish aunt, I—we—were falling, falling, our eyes glued to the cover

of the *National Geographic*, February, 1918.

I said to myself: three days and you'll be seven years old. I was saying it to stop the sensation of falling off the round, turning world into cold, blue-black space. But I felt: you are an *I*, you are an *Elizabeth*, you are one of *them*. *Why* should you be one, too? I scarcely dared to look to see what it was I was. I gave a sidelong glance—I couldn't look any higher—at shadowy gray knees, trousers and skirts and boots and different pairs of hands lying under the lamps. I knew that nothing stranger had ever happened, that nothing stranger could ever happen. Why should I be my aunt, or me, or anyone? What similarities—boots, hands, the family voice I felt in my throat, or even the *National Geographic* and those awful hanging breasts—held us all together or made us all just one? How—I didn't know any word for it—how "unlikely"... How had I come to be here, like them, and overhear a cry of pain that could have got loud and worse but hadn't?

The waiting room was bright and too hot. It was sliding beneath a big black wave, another, and another.

Then I was back in it. The War was on. Outside, in Worcester, Massachusetts, were night and slush and cold, and it was still the fifth of February, 1918.

—ELIZABETH BISHOP

her. I told her it was no tragedy, but my teeth were chattering.

"That night, we swore that our association with Max was over and done with, but I knew it wasn't. The creators of religion did not know God, but human nature they did know. It's written in Aboth that one sin drags another sin after it. One step off the accepted path and all taboos are broken.

"You write about religion, marriage, and sex, and I often admire how well you understand modern man, with his complexities and pitfalls. But all you can do is criticize—you can't show the way back to faith. It's impossible for us to conduct ourselves like our parents and grandparents without having their piety. I will tell you something, though I'm ashamed to admit it. That night, Genia finally fell asleep



BOOTH

"The time of assertion and counter-assertion is upon us."

after she took a couple of pills, but I couldn't sleep a wink. I put on my robe and slippers and went into my study. I looked at my books and I knew that not one of them could give me direction. How can Tolstoy or Dickens or Balzac teach you? They had talent, but they were as confused as we are. Suddenly I saw a volume of the Talmud, and I thought, Since worldliness has failed me so miserably, perhaps I should return to God. I took out the tractate of Betzah, opened it, and began to hum as in the old times. 'If an egg was laid on festival day, the school of Shammai say: It may be eaten. And the school of Hillel say: It may not be eaten.' I kept on nodding and humming like a yeshiva boy for a good half hour. In the beginning, it was nostalgically sweet, but the more I went on one believed that these laws were given to Moses on Mount Sinai, there was sheer scholasticism. I got tired and went back to Genia. We have one bed. That night, I came to the conclusion that men must kill in themselves their strongest instinct: the possession of a woman as a piece of property. If there is a God, maybe He's leading us in this direction."

"And what happened later?"

"There was no later. Genia had promised, although I hadn't demanded it of her, that she would never see Max again. But she still meets him. She has

given up her work entirely. She doesn't need it anymore, and I can't be with her day and night anyhow. Lately, I lost patience with everything: with Genia's guilt and with what we call culture. I can't make a fetish out of plays on Broadway and Picasso's paintings. Even good literature doesn't interest me anymore. The wall that separates the world from the underworld has become too thin. The judge, the lawyer, and the murderer all nurture the same ideas, read the same books, visit the same night clubs, talk the same gibberish. We're returning to the cave, even though it's a cave provided with telephone, electricity, and TV. I used to think that I knew Genia through and through, but since this freak invaded our house I keep discovering new traits in her. Even her voice doesn't seem the same. As for Max, I can't even hate him, and this really surprises me. I don't know what he is, and I don't care. All I know is that he wants the same thing we all want—as much pleasure as possible before disappearing forever."

"He's not a homosexual?"

"Who knows what he is! Perhaps we're all homosexuals. I've forgotten to tell you the main thing: Genia began to go to a psychoanalyst. Max has been going to him for years. They wanted to make me a member of the club with them, but I'd rather study about the egg that is laid on a festival

I hadn't noticed that the cafeteria had filled up. I said to Zelig, "Let's go. They'll throw us out."

We walked out on Broadway and the heat hit me like a furnace. It was still daylight but the neon signs were already lit, announcing in fiery language the bliss to be brought by Pepsi-Cola, Bond suits, Camel cigarettes, Wrigley's chewing gum. A tepid stench came up from the subway grates. Over a movie house hung a billboard of a half-naked woman four stories high, lit up by spotlights—her hair dishevelled, her eyes wild, her legs spread out, a gun in each hand. Around her waist was a fringed scarf that covered her private parts. A mob had collected to gape at her. Men made jokes, women giggled. I looked at Zelig. Half his face was green, the other red—like a modern painting. He stared, moved his lips, one eye laughing and one tearing. I said to him, "If there is no God, she is our god."

Zelig Fingerbein shook as if he had been awakened from a trance. "What she is promising she can deliver."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Laurie Colwin.)

CHILDREN'S TORY HOUR—Begins at 3:30 P.M.—TV listing in the Boston Herald Traveler.

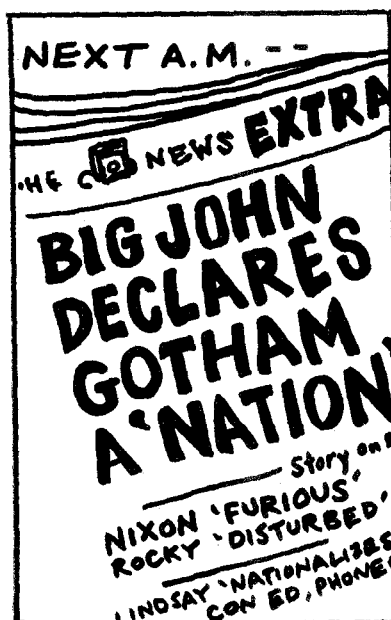
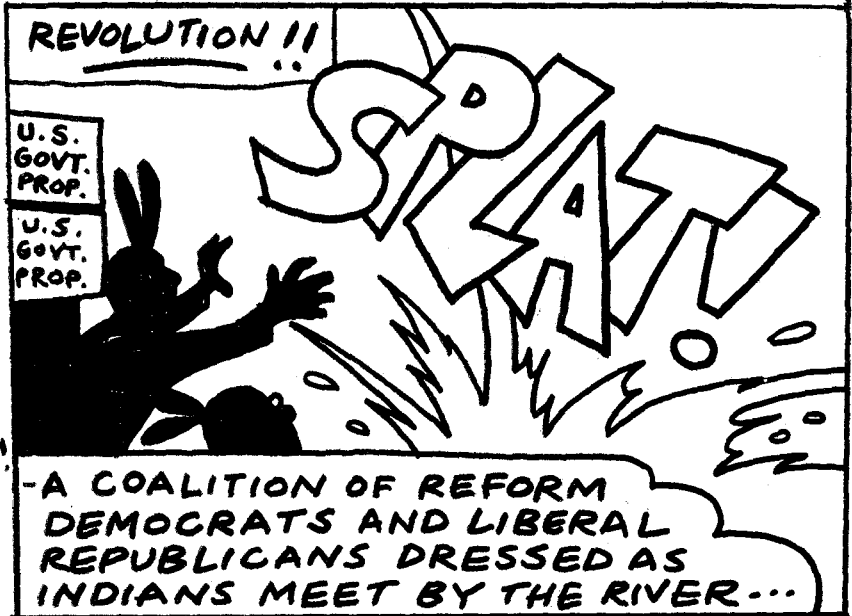
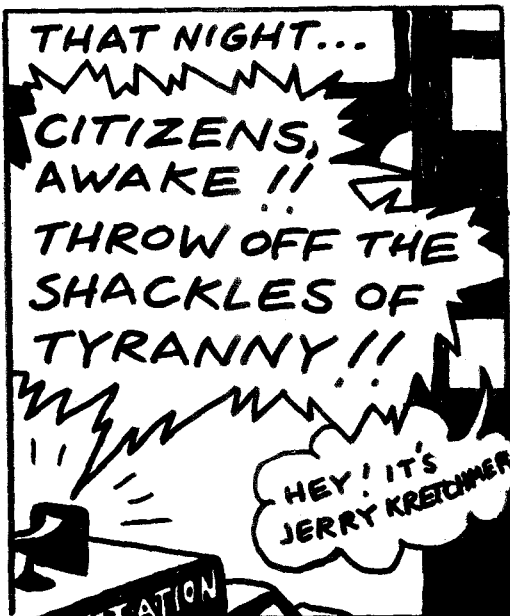
Buckley reads from "Mother Goose"?

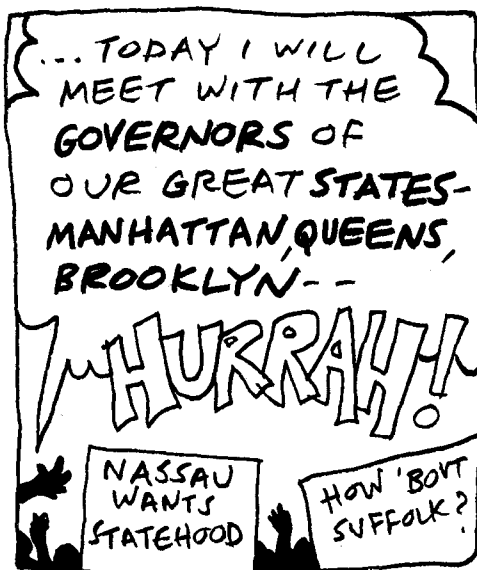
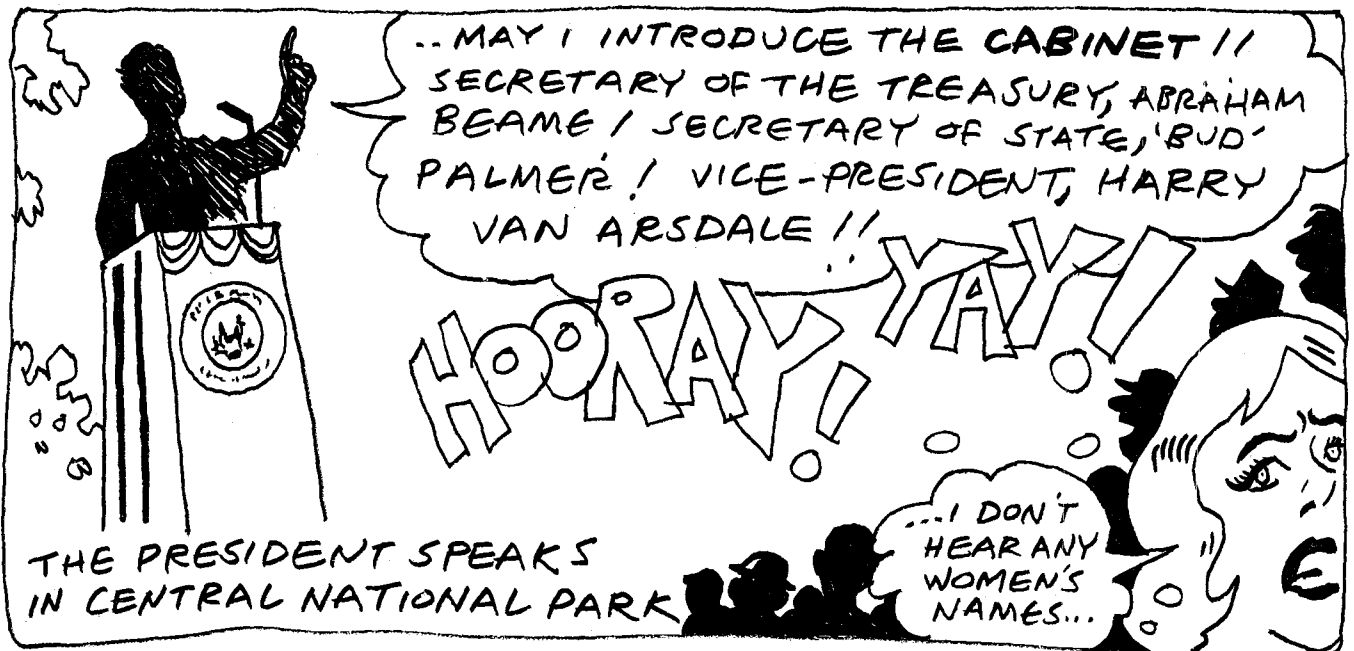
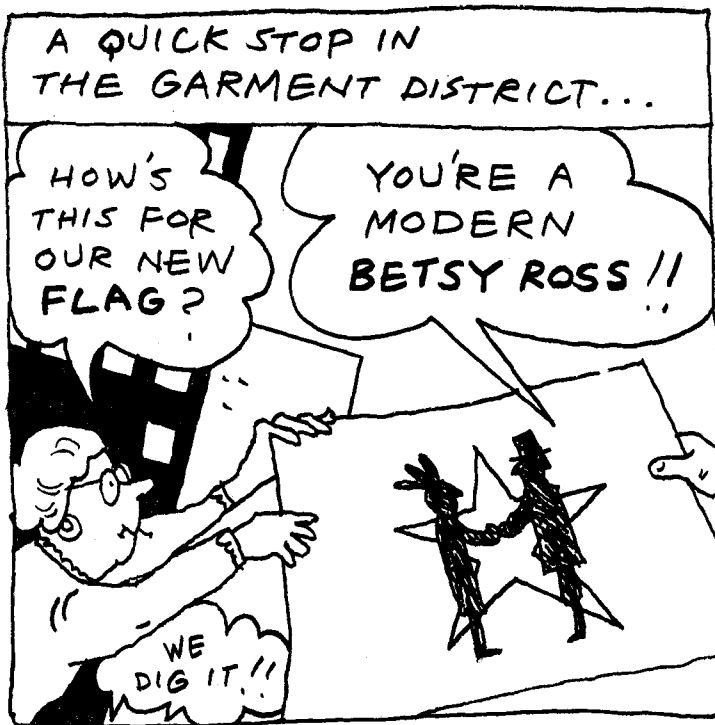
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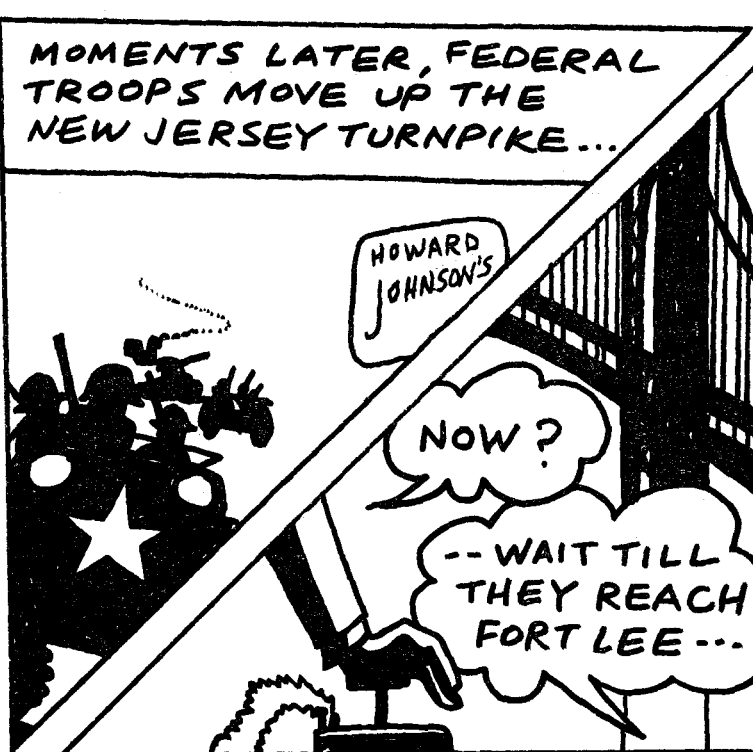


THIS CITY
HAS **BIG**
TROUBLE!

THE MAYOR
WALKS THE
DESOLATE
STREETS...







BUT **BACK** AT THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE... A BIG **SURPRISE** AWAITS PRESIDENT LINDSAY...



—JAMES STEVENSON

LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

AS plans get under way for the launching of Apollo 15 on July 26th, there is a tendency among some people even here at the Manned Spacecraft Center, outside Houston, to treat the project as a separate and isolated one, and to forget that the six moon landings in fact form a single unit with a single purpose: to find out as much as we can about the moon and what it has to reveal about the origins of the earth and the solar system. This purpose is often overlooked because the United States may initially have emphasized the wrong reasons for sending men to the moon: beating the Russians, planting our flag there, and even supporting the aerospace industry—objectives that were all fulfilled by the first landing. Meanwhile, the lunar scientists here *have* kept the over-all goal firmly in mind, and though not even they claim that the information gained from the Apollo program is worth all of the twenty-five billion dollars spent on it thus far, still, the exploration of our sister planet (if, as many scientists now do, we classify the moon and the earth as a binary planetary system) and of our own beginnings is no mean achievement. If the only trips to the New World had been the four made by Columbus, each of the four would have taken on equal and immense importance, because the reports from them would represent the total of what European man knew about the Western Hemisphere. Something of the sort may apply to the six Apollo landings, for after they are over it looks now as if men won't be going back to the moon for a long, long time.

Apollo 15, the fourth of the landings, is the first of what are called J missions (NASA designates different types of missions alphabetically), which will have so much more scientific scope than the three preceding H missions that, if all goes according to plan, this one will provide as much information as the other three put together. For one thing, while two of the astronauts—Colonel David R. Scott, the mission commander, and Lieutenant Colonel James B. Irwin, both of the Air Force—are on the moon the third, Air Force Major Alfred M. Worden, will be operating, from the command and service modules, a whole battery of scientific instruments that have never been used on a moon flight before. For another, the lunar module, or LM, has been fitted out with additional oxygen tanks and batteries, so that it can stay on the moon for sixty-seven hours instead of the thirty-six hours the

Apollo 14 module was able to stay. (To accommodate the longer stay on the moon, the entire mission will last twelve days instead of ten; the recent tragedy involving the three Russian cosmonauts, who had been in space for twenty-four days, is not expected to curtail the length of the mission.) And, perhaps most important, the LM will land a four-wheeled electric car on the moon, and in this the astronauts plan to drive approximately twenty-two miles—the equivalent of a trip around Manhattan north of Thirty-fourth Street and farther than the distance covered on all previous field trips combined. Furthermore, the astronauts' life-support systems have been expanded so that they can be out on the surface for three periods of nearly seven hours each—a total of twenty hours—which is as long as the combined time that all previous astronauts have spent walking on the moon. Few of us in the television audience will last through the twenty hours, but the lunar scientists will be watching just as closely as they watched during the Apollo 11 mission, the first to land on the moon. They feel that there is as big a jump between Apollo 15 and the previous H missions as there was between Apollo 11 (a G mission) and the earlier F missions—the manned lunar orbiting ones.

The itinerary on the moon's surface is also the most interesting to date. Some of the scientists at Houston describe the landing site in terms of the Rockies' being placed right next to the sea, with the Grand Canyon thrown in nearby. This is because Scott and Irwin will be landing on the southeastern rim of the Mare Imbrium, where the Apennine Mountains, which ring it, come right down to its edge, and not far from Hadley Rille, a canyon that in places is more than a thousand feet deep and almost a mile across. The Mare Imbrium is approximately seven hundred miles in diameter, which means that it has an area half again the size of Texas. Under certain lighting conditions, it looks from the earth like

a three-quarter view of the round head of a Teddy bear, with various big craters and a bay making two ears, two eyes, and a nose. If a line is drawn through the bear's left eye and its nose (the craters Aristillus and Autolycus), the point where that line intersects the bear's chin (the Apennine Mountains) is approximately where the astronauts will be. The lunar Apennines are indeed similar to our Rockies in their configuration, and they are high enough, and far enough out toward the rim (or limb) of the moon, that a good pair of binoculars enables a viewer on earth to see them as mountains. The best time to see them in relief is in their early morning—just after the terminator, the division between dark and light, has passed over—for as the sunlight moves gradually westward, in terms of an earth-map orientation, across the face of the moon, it first picks out the mountain peaks, which emerge from the blackness as islands of light, and then, as the mountains become fully visible, the sunlight casts their shadows far out onto the *mare*. The astronauts will land after the mountains have been in sunlight for about three days—still early morning on the moon. Before going outside, Colonel Scott will open the hatch in the roof of the module—which, like its predecessors, will be thirty-two feet high—to take a look at the mountains. To the north—provided the module makes the expected pinpoint landing—he will see Fresnel Mountain, rising ten thousand feet above the plain, and, to the northeast, he will see Mount Hadley, looming fifteen thousand feet, the highest peak in the vicinity. To the south, Scott will see a slightly lower peak, Hadley Delta, and he will give it an especially close look, for he and Irwin plan on driving to its base, and maybe a little way up it. To the west will lie the canyon, and, beyond it, the flat plains of the Mare Imbrium. Scott may not be able to see down into the rille, for there is a slight rise east of its rim. On the far side of it, though, he may see the rim of a large crater, and even some low hills, for the astronauts will be in a section of the Mare Imbrium called the Palus Putredinis, or Marsh of Decay, where low hills rise from the flat *mare* like hummocks and tussocks in a swamp.

The geologists at the Space Center, who want to cram as much research as possible into the final Apollo missions, are much pleased with the choice of landing area, because it provides access to four different types of geological features: *mare*; mountains; canyon;



and another area, a sort of dome (in this case one called the North Complex) rising from the *mare* that might be evidence of recent volcanism. The geologists are thinking of the lunar landscape in terms familiar to them on earth, and are seeking to determine the stratigraphy, or geological history, of each area. Dr. Paul Gast, the chief of the Planetary and Earth Science Division of the Space Center, has in his office some cross-section diagrams showing what he thinks the layers of material in the Apennines are like. The mountains were clearly thrown up by the giant meteor impact that made the Imbrian crater, four billion years ago. (Dr. Gast makes a distinction between the Imbrian crater, which is the huge depression initially made by the impact, and the Imbrian *mare*, which is the basaltic lava that later almost filled the depression.) Dr. Gast thinks that when the impact shoved the floor of the crater deep into the moon, it also raised the ground around the rim to form the Apennines. As he has drawn the strata underlying the mountains on his diagram, they tilt upward toward a viewer standing on the *mare* side, sloping away from the impact. Deep inside them, he says, is the original surface of the moon before the Imbrian impact. On top of this old surface are, first, a layer of debris ejected by the impact that made the Mare Serenitatis (a less distinct *mare* next to the Mare Imbrium and known to be older, because part of the Mare Imbrium is superimposed on one edge of it) and, next, another layer of debris—the ejecta from the Imbrian impact itself—which must have fallen on the Apennines shortly before they were raised. The Imbrian impact, in fact, coated about a quarter of the face of the moon visible from earth with debris, which Dr. Gast calls Fra Mauro material, after the hilly area, seven hundred miles to the south, where it was collected by the Apollo 14 astronauts. (The date of the Imbrian impact has recently been revised down-



"Mind your own business!"

ward from four and a half to just four billion years ago, because last month it was announced that some rocks the Apollo 14 astronauts brought back from Fra Mauro are just under four billion years old.) The Imbrian ejecta at Fra Mauro may have been thrown up from strata one or two miles below the original surface of the moon, but the ejecta at the Apennines, Dr. Gast says, must have come from as deep down as forty miles. On top of them are layers of regolith, or lunar soil (made by meteors chipping away like jackhammers at the moon mountains), interspersed with debris from smaller and newer craters nearby. The astronauts are unlikely to find an exact cross-section of these layers, because the base of the mountains, which is where they will be, is littered with material that has fallen from above; on the other hand, for this same reason, they may find material from all these layers right at their feet.

AS Lieutenant Colonel Irwin follows Colonel Scott down the ladder of the LM, he will pull a handle that causes a panel in the side of the module to open a crack at the top. This, in turn, will cause a couple of long white plastic tapes to be exposed, and when

the men are on the ground Scott will pick up one of them, walk a few feet from the LM, and start pulling. As he pulls, the tape, which unwinds from a spool turning a worm gear, will cause the panel to open farther. The panel is actually part of the bottom of the Lunar Roving Vehicle, or moon car, which will have been folded up as tightly as a moth in its cocoon inside one of the LM's triangular equipment bays. The two ends of the car will be folded over the main part of the chassis, and the wheels, like the outrigger legs of some aquatic beetle, will be folded over the ends to fit snugly into the triangular apex of the bay. Irwin, who in the interim will have been taking a rock sample, may now give Scott a hand. The astronauts will stand as far back as they can when the car begins to unfold, for the parts will snap into place with some force. When Scott reaches a black mark on the tape, it will mean that the car has come far enough out of the bay for the rear end—at the top—to spring into place and the two rear wheels to pop into position. If the rear wheels fail to do so, Scott will have to reach in with a long tool and pull a pin—a risky operation, since the wheels might hit him as they then snap into place. When the rear wheels are rest-

ing on the ground, struts that attach the front end of the car to the LM will push it out so that it can flop into place, and one of the men will pull on the other tape, lowering the front of the car to the ground. If the astronauts are in luck, it will have taken between five and seven minutes to set up the car.

The Lunar Roving Vehicle looks like a two-tone buckboard; the chassis is silvery, and the four plastic fenders (which will prevent the astronauts from being sprayed with dust) are brown. It is about ten feet long, six feet wide, and four feet high, and it is so light and flexible that on earth it would buckle under the astronauts' weight—about six times greater than it will be on the moon. On earth, it weighs about four hundred and fifty pounds, but on the moon it will weigh only about seventy-five pounds; the astronauts will be able to lift it out of a crater if it gets stuck in one. The astronauts will sit side by side in two seats that look like camp chairs. Footrests will keep the astronauts from accidentally kicking two batteries at the

front of the car, each of which is capable of fully powering it—like a spacecraft, the LRV was built for redundancy—though normally the electrical load will be split between the two. Also for redundancy, each of the four wheels has its own quarter-horsepower electric motor, and any two of these motors can keep the car going. The tires are tubular baskets woven of piano wire, and on the moon a wheel and its tire will together weigh about two pounds. Rubber tires could shatter like glass in the lunar cold, and, besides, there is no way of fixing a flat on the moon. The piano wire may break, but even if half of it does the tires will still be good. (Detroit has no interest in them, however, since their useful life is estimated at a hundred and fifteen miles.) The engineers who designed the car—at the Marshall Space Flight Center, in Alabama—are so confident that nothing will break down that they haven't bothered to include a repair kit; still, they know that if the astronauts have to give anything a whack they can use their geologist's hammers.

Before the two men start off on their first field trip, Scott will take the car for a short test run. For the Apollo 15 flight, new space suits that bend at the waist were designed, but, even so, the suits will tend to stay rigid, and remaining seated will require constant effort. (Helmets had to be modified to enable the men to see while driving.) The first thing Scott will do, therefore, will be to fasten his seat belt, which will keep him from unbending, and also from flying out of the car if it hits a bump. According to the NASA project manager at Marshall, Mr. Saverio F. Morea, it was less difficult to design the car so that it would run on the moon than to design it so that it could be driven by astronauts wearing space suits.

The car has no ignition key—no other dashboard feature of an earth car, for that matter—and its controls are more like a spacecraft's than an automobile's. Suited astronauts cannot comfortably manage a steering wheel, so the car has a single T-shaped stick, just like a spaceship's attitude-control handle.

The car moves in the direction the handle is pushed—forward or back, left or right. When the car is found to be in good running condition, the two astronauts will begin loading it with equipment for the first field trip—or scientific traverse, as the geologists prefer to call it. The astronauts will put a big radio receiving-and-transmitting unit on the front, for they will be going out of range of the LM, which normally serves as a relay station between them and the earth; an antenna like an upside-down umbrella fits on the left front chassis. All the geology tools will go in back, and when the astronauts are ready the car will look like a golf cart bristling with umbrellas, rakes, and a variety of long-handled tools. (Golf, presumably, will not be played on this particular lunar fairway.) Just before the astronauts start out, Scott will mount the television camera on the LRV's right front chassis, to make all their geology stops—though not their minute-by-minute travels—visible on earth. Then the two astronauts will climb into the seats, and Scott will push the control lever delicately forward. He must start carefully, for if he accelerates too fast the wheels will spin in

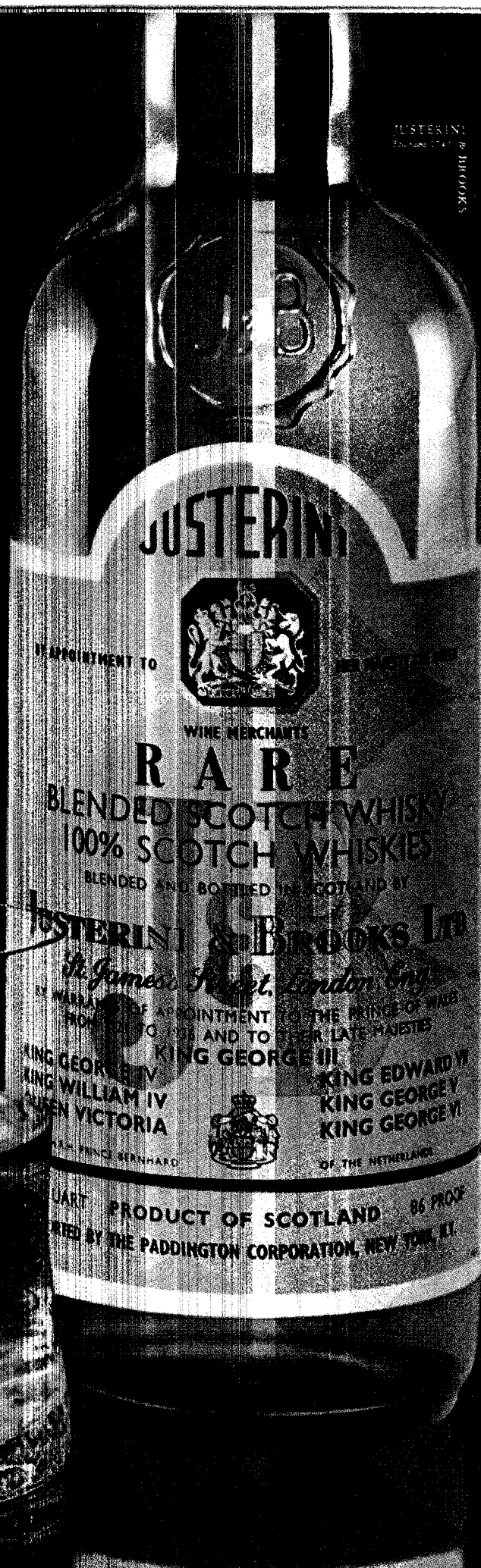


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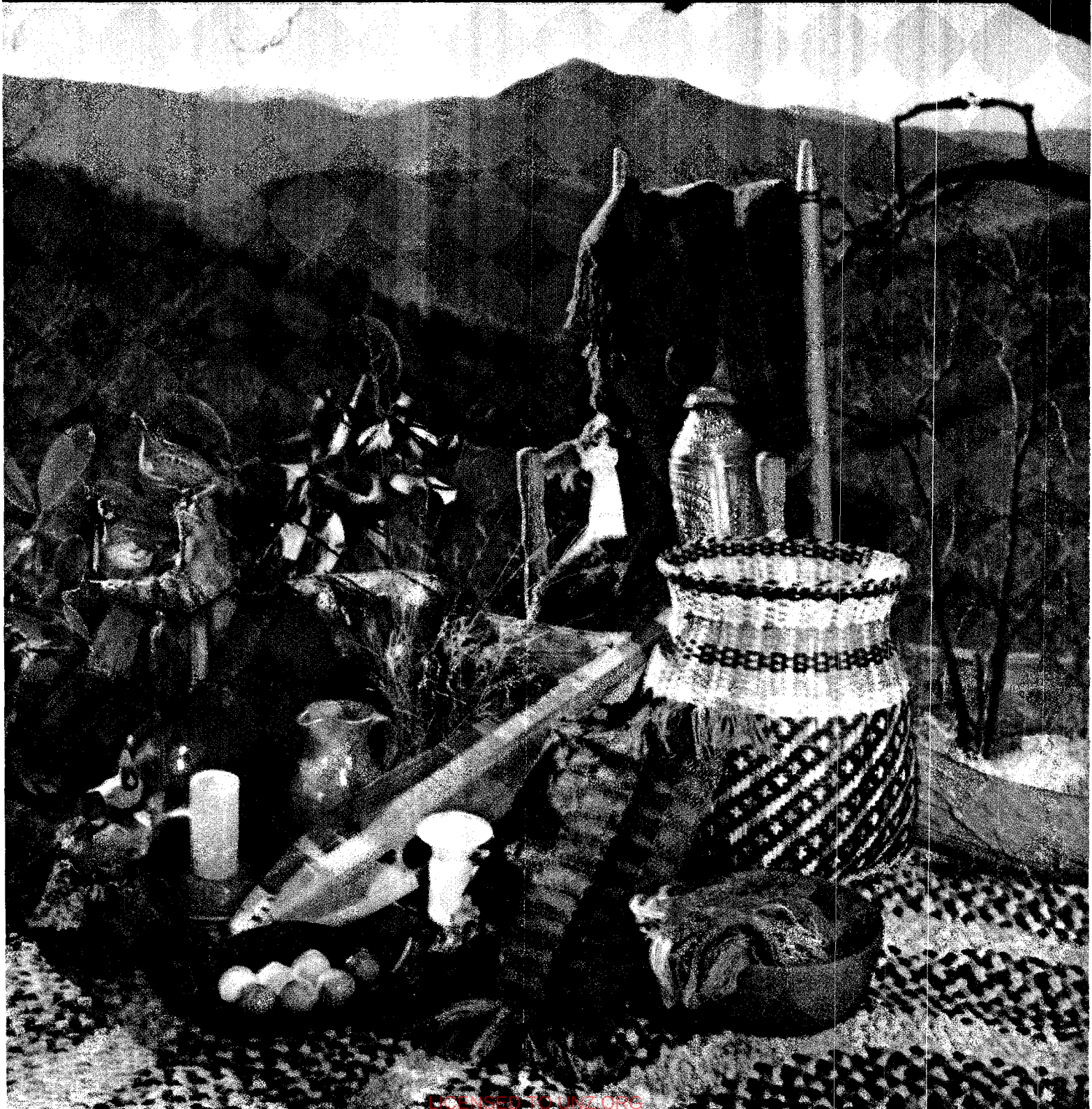
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North Carolina

Those crafty Carolinians



the loose, slippery dust and dig a hole, just as if they were in deep snow.

AT the Space Center, the men planning a mission go into such extraordinary detail about what they want to have happen—and so closely have these plans been adhered to on previous missions—that it is possible to predict quite accurately what the Apollo 15 astronauts will do. And in the event that, for one reason or another, their actions differ from the plan, it is still important to know what the intentions of Apollo 15 *were*. Sixteen geology stops are planned for the astronauts' three field trips: three during the first trip, when the two men will also be setting up various scientific instruments; five on the second; and eight on the third. The base of the Apennine Front has first priority, and Hadley Rille has second; the third objective is the surface of the Mare Imbrium; the fourth is the possibly volcanic area called the North Complex; and the fifth is a secondary cluster of craters. Dr. William Phinney, chief of the Geology Branch at the Space Center, recently pointed out that having a car on the moon could tempt the astronauts to stop every time they saw something that interested them, and that unless they were prepared to resist the temptation they would never make it to the first official stop. To train the astronauts to recognize the really important items, Dr. Gary Lofgren, the geologist in charge of the Apollo 15 crew, has accompanied them on fifteen rather extended field trips, some of which Dr. Phinney has also gone along on. Since no single spot on earth duplicates the terrain of the Hadley sites, they have gone to the Sierras to examine mountains, the San Gabriels to examine lava flows, and a gorge of the Rio Grande for the rille. Dr. Lofgren says that Scott and Irwin *think* geology more than any previous team, and they have said they would like to have geologists with them at Cape Kennedy before the launch to keep them thinking geology up until they leave. (Nothing, of course, could be more heart-warming to geologists, since they are normally kept at arm's length from the astronauts by flight engineers, some of whom apparently still don't think science has much relevance to the missions.) Nonetheless, the astronauts won't have seen the geologists for about three weeks before the flight, because of quarantine requirements. So far, the astronauts are still apparently thinking geology, for they say that they would like to talk with geologists between their field trips while they are on

the moon—something that has never been done. Dr. Gast says that on past moon walks the astronauts have just collected rocks; the Apollo 15 astronauts will have enough additional time and training so that they will be able to think a bit about what they are doing while they are doing it, as a professional geologist would. "I'm looking forward to the day when the astronauts actually *see* something that makes something click in their minds—when they begin to interpret, the way a geologist does," Dr. Gast said recently. "When you have a working hypothesis, it makes it easier to organize what you see. I'd love to hear an astronaut on the moon say, 'Gee, we've done this, and the next thing we should do is such-and-such, because, the way I see it, that's what we have to do to find what we're looking for.' I know I'm expecting a lot, but it just might happen on this mission."

The astronauts will be able to make most of the field-trip stops if they land anywhere within about five miles of their target, and all the previous landings have been much closer than that. From the exact target, it will be about two miles, or a twenty-five-minute drive, to the first geological stop. Having started their car slowly, the astronauts will proceed at something less than its full speed (six miles an hour), at least until they get the hang of driving on the moon. Although they have practiced driving a model of the car on earth—called a "one-G simulator" because it is strong enough to be driven in the earth's gravity—this hasn't given them much of the feel of a lunar drive, for in the moon's one-sixth gravity six miles an hour is the equivalent as far as bumps and skids are concerned of driving the LRV thirty-six miles an hour here; a one-foot rock, for instance, would send the car eighteen inches into the air and two feet horizontally. Traction is so slight that it will skid on turns the way an ordinary car would at a speed of almost forty on packed snow, and at full speed the moon car will take about three of its own lengths to stop. At first, Scott will watch his steering closely, for both the front and the rear wheels respond to the stick control (the rear wheels turn in the opposite direction from the front ones). Dr. Phinney hopes that as Scott tools across the *mare* he will make use of the LRV's gyroscopic compass (the correct heading for the first stop will have been read to him from earth), to avoid any repetition of the episode last February, when the Apollo 14 astronauts had a difficult time finding Cone Crater, even though

it was a thousand feet across and they were standing right on its rim. Although they will soon be out of sight of the LM, they will always know where it is. A computer inside the car's navigation system will keep track of each turn the vehicle makes and how far it travels in each direction, so the astronauts will always have information on their instrument panel about the direction the LM lies in and how far away it is. Dr. Gary Latham, the Principal Investigator for a seismometer that the astronauts will set up at the end of their first field trip, says that if the navigation system should fail after the seismometer has begun operating, he will be able to guide the astronauts back to the LM by telling them whether their seismic signals are getting softer or louder.

The first geological stop will be at Elbow Crater, which is about twelve hundred feet across, and which lies at the base of the Apennine Front, at a point where Hadley Rille makes a right-angle turn. The astronauts won't get a good look at the rille from this point, but they may be able to collect some rocks blasted up from the crater that would supply evidence about how the rille was formed. (No one seems to be sure.) At each stop, they will radio Houston the car's navigation-instrument readings, so that scientists on earth will know exactly where the astronauts are, and they will also report the exact condition of their batteries. Then they will aim the television antenna—a rod inside the big umbrella antenna—straight at the earth. Because the rod has to be aimed with nearly the precision of a rifle, the astronauts cannot transmit pictures while they are moving, but the radio antenna is enough of a blunderbuss to keep them in voice contact most of the time.

The television camera will be operated entirely from the earth—by Edward I. Fendell, who, as the Instrumentation and Communications Officer, will be sitting at a console in the Space Center's Control Room. In front of him he will have four horizontal rows of six buttons each, which will move the camera by means of telemetry commands. Mr. Fendell has worked out a set of camera instructions that are about as detailed as those for shooting a television show—which, of course, is what he will be doing. He plans to start off by taking what he calls a Wide-Angle Panorama, or WAP, of the site, by panning the camera around in a full circle and stopping for four seconds after each pan of twenty-four de-



grees. At each stop, one of a group of geologists watching television screens in the Science Support Room, across a corridor, will snap a photograph with a Polaroid camera, and some of the other geologists will paste the snapshots together, so that they can study the moonscape to see if there is anything the astronauts should be told or asked about. Another of the geologists who has worked with the astronauts—a professor at the California Institute of Technology named Dr. Leon T. Silver, who is a Co-Investigator of the Lunar Surface Geology Experiment—says there is something of a danger in peering so closely over the astronauts' shoulders. "We have to keep down the desire to make the astronauts an extension of us," he says. "If anything, *we're* an extension of *them*, because we are just one of the muscles they can flex." If the geological biceps in the Science Support Room, after scanning their pasted-up Polaroid panorama, find anything they want to take a closer look at, they will send word to Mr. Fendell, so that he can make what he calls a NATO, or Narrow Angle Target of Opportunity, which means simply zooming the television camera's lens at the point the geologists specify. Mr. Fendell already has a number of likely NATOs down on his script—one of the rille wall, which probably won't show up much; one of the astronauts sampling rocks if the geologists should request it; and one in the direction of the next stop—and since the astronauts will be at Elbow Crater only fifteen minutes, Mr. Fendell may not have time for any extra ones.

The geologists will find themselves competing for Mr. Fendell's attention with the Public Affairs Officer, Terry White, who from time to time will ask Mr. Fendell for WAPs or NATOs designed to keep the television audience from straying. The Public Affairs Office at the Space Center has arranged some meetings between Mr. Fendell—an electronics engineer with no television experience—and some producers and directors from the television networks to discuss Mr. Fendell's camerawork. It appears that one tip for providing a little human interest for the viewers is to focus the camera on the astronauts almost all the time. The geologists, too, naturally want to see what the astronauts are doing, but they also want to see the terrain and specific rocks. A few rocks should be O.K. with the Public Affairs Office, but Mr. Fendell isn't to dawdle for a long time over any one. One geologist, nervous about all this, pointed out recently that opportunities to study rocks

on the moon are rare. The Public Affairs Office has promised that the geologists will be given every possible preference, but it is hard to predict just how things will work out. In any event, Mr. Fendell's WAPs and NATOs are bound to be interrupted regularly by an astronaut's holding a rock in front of the camera and asking the geologists what it is.

THE stop after Elbow Crater will be a vast crater called St. George, four thousand yards in diameter, which is partway up a spur of the Apennine Front. The mountain flank is so steep and the crater is so tipped that it appears to be pouring its contents into Hadley Rille immediately below—and, indeed, slides of soil do cascade from the upended crater into the canyon. As the astronauts drive up the slope toward the crater, the wheels of the LRV will send more showers of moon dust down the mountainside. They needn't worry about tipping over even if they are tilted sidewise on the slope, for it would take better than a fifty-degree incline to flip the moon car. The only conceivable way the car could tip over would be if the two wheels on the downhill side hit rocks simultaneously while the car was side-slipping, and it isn't likely to side-slip, because, thanks to the weak gravity, the angle of repose—which is to say the steepness of the point at which an object will stay put on a slope—is considerably greater on the moon than it is on the earth. As the astronauts scoot along uphill, they will be describing the terrain. They will probably not make it to the rim of St. George, because their traction will be so light and the dust on the slope so loose and slippery that the wheels will soon spin to a halt amid a spray of moon dust. With luck, though, they will have driven a hundred yards up the side of the mountain before this happens. The view will be spectacular, and Mr. Fendell will, of course, be taking a WAP. Mr. White will want him to center the horizon in the pic-

GIRLS' VOICES

An old man alone in the dark, muttering
Over and over of all foolish things his name.
The folly is less than it seems; old and alone,
He speaks his name remembering the times
He has heard it whispered by girls loving him
In oh, what a different darkness, what an age ago!
To name him then was to make him, for then, a god.
It is to girls' voices he listens and not his own.

—BRENDAN GILL

ture, producing the most scenic shots, but the geologists will want him to keep the horizon high, letting them see the most terrain. On the right, Mount Hadley, still untouched by the early sunlight, will be concealed in impenetrable shadow, making the fifteen-thousand-foot peak look like a gigantic blot in the sky, but a few miles straight ahead the massif of Fresnel will be clearly visible, and, to the left, the astronauts will be able to look out across the hummocky Palus Putredinis to the smoother parts of the Mare Imbrium beyond. Immediately below, they will see Hadley Rille as it comes straight at them across the *mare* to make an abrupt turn at Elbow Crater. The astronauts, as though they were standing on a bridge across the canyon, will be able to see for about a mile down the rille, until it makes another turn. They will snap a great many photographs of the rille with a five-hundred-millimetre telescopic lens on one of their three Hasselblads. Mr. Fendell will meanwhile be doing several NATOs of the rille, tilting his camera down and zooming its lens. He will also do a NATO of the LM, rising like a gold-and-silver lighthouse on the *mare* below, and he will do a great many NATOs of the astronauts gathering geological samples. The astronauts' scoop for picking up samples will be bigger than the previous scoops, their tongs will be longer, and the Teflon bags for rocks and dust will be larger. The previous astronauts had complained that their tools were too small and that they had had a lot of trouble squeezing rocks into bags the size of sandwich bags.

The astronauts will have a new tool, too—an aluminum rake very much like a clam rake. While they are on the slope near St. George Crater, they will mark off about a four-foot circle on the ground and then rake up all the stones within it; any pebble larger than three-eighths of an inch will be caught in the tines. Earlier astronauts had tended to gather fewer samples, consisting of larger rocks, because once they had



made the effort to bend over in their rigid suits, they wanted something big to show for it. Even though the new space suit bends more easily at the waist, picking rocks up from the moon's surface will still be difficult. Numerous smaller rocks are more useful to geologists, who in the past have wished that the astronauts had brought back more of them. On earth, geologists on field trips generally try to note the distribution of the rocks they pick up—whether a rock represents eighty per cent of the rock in the area or just one per cent—but an astronaut, because of the glare on the moon, cannot distinguish the different rock types at his feet, and therefore the geologists have never had a reliable idea of how typical or atypical the rocks brought back by previous astronauts were.

Getting adequate samples in all different size ranges at St. George Crater is particularly important, because the crater is deep enough to have dug down through all the different strata—the surface regolith, the Fra Mauro material, the ejecta from the Mare Serenitatis, and the ancient lunar surface. Dr. Gast believes that this stop will be the astronauts' best hope of getting a sample from the deepest, original surface of the moon, which would have formed the base of the inside wall of the Imbrian crater immediately after the impact. The smaller impact that made St. George would have excavated all these layers and spread them horizontally across the ground, with the oldest, and deepest, deposited at the rim. Consequently, whether the astronauts find samples from the original surface will depend in part on how close they get to the rim of St. George. They will probably have to use their hammers to knock chips off boulders, because the deepest material on a crater rim is usually in big blocks.

BACK at the LM after two and a half hours, the astronauts will unload their geological tools and then load scientific instruments into the back of the car, drive a hundred yards or so, and start setting them up. Similar instruments have been set up on the moon before—in addition to the seismometer, there is a magnetometer, a device for measuring solar wind, a cold-cathode ion gauge, and a supra-thermal ion detector—but there is one new one, designed to measure the flow of heat from the interior of the moon. The instrument was supposed to have gone to the moon on Apollo 13, which never got there. Dr. Marcus Langseth, of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, outside New York, who is the



"... under no circumstances. However, if drafted, I would consider it my duty to . . ."

Principal Investigator for this experiment, has been anxious to get the instrument to the moon, because other instruments, notably the seismometer and the magnetometer, have been peering into the moon's interior for some time, and, indeed, the scientists concerned with the magnetometer have already made shrewd guesses about the moon's internal temperature, which is what Dr. Langseth's experiment is designed to measure. So, for that matter, has Dr. Latham, who is a colleague of Dr. Langseth's at Lamont-Doherty, though the magnetometer's and the seismometer's estimates of the heat flow don't agree. In fact, Dr. Langseth's heat-flow instrument may be arriving on the moon at just the right time. The seismometer and the magnetometer have found the moon to be a relatively inactive planet, and the less active a planet is the fewer clues it offers to what goes on inside it, and, consequently, the greater the variety of scientific instruments it requires to get any sort of fix on its composition, structure, and history.

The heat-flow instrument consists of a white box and two heat probes, each

about four feet long, which will be lowered on cables into holes drilled into the moon's surface so that their tips are ten feet down in the soil. Each of these probes is essentially a series of sensitive thermometers, which will measure the moon's temperature at different depths. Extrapolation of these temperature gradations, in turn, will indicate whether it is hot enough anywhere inside the moon to melt rock, how much radioactive material there is inside the moon, and even what types of rocks are to be found there. Before Scott can set up the experiment, he will have to make the two holes, thirty feet apart, with a special electric drill. First, he will have to find a good spot away from craters, which tend to be hotter than the rest of the surface and would therefore throw off the heat-flow measurements. The drilling will be the most physically taxing single operation any astronaut has ever performed on the moon. Scott will assemble the pieces of the drill on the seat of the car—the ten-foot drill stem comes in six sections, and after each two sections have disappeared into the ground Scott will have to uncouple the drill, put on the next two sections

(each one is tapered to fit inside the one below), and replace the drill. The operation is so tedious that Dr. Langseth, who has worked on the drill over a six-year period, has had periodic visions of an astronaut's quitting halfway through. And Scott is reported to be unenthusiastic about the job, which will be done toward the end of the first field trip, when he will be tired anyway. (He may not be as tired as astronauts on previous excursions, though, because the car will cut down substantially on the astronauts' effort.) For extra energy, Scott may occasionally turn his head to the left and nibble at a candy bar that will be attached to the inside of his helmet at the behest of dietitians, who feel that some such supplemental nutrition may be needed on an outing almost seven hours long. Before climbing the ladder into the LM for some ten hours of resting, eating, and debriefing, the men will park the car nearby—out in the sun. The cold in the LM's shadow—around two hundred degrees below zero Fahrenheit—would freeze the car's lubricants and cause the batteries to lose power, like any automobile's on a cold winter morning.

ON the following day, Scott and Irwin will set out on the longest moon journey that any of our lunar explorers have so far attempted, traveling along at the foot of the Apennine Front and hoping to reach a thousand-foot-wide crater called Front, about four miles from the LM. They will drive to Front Crater with only one brief stop, for on lunar field trips the idea is to go to the farthest point at the outset and then work your way back. For one thing, this will allow the most time for walking back to the LM, in case the car breaks down. For this excursion, the astronauts will have in their backpacks extra supplies of oxygen for breathing and water for cooling their suits, and one entirely new item of emergency equipment—an eight-foot length of hose that would enable one astronaut to supply the other with cooling water if he should have

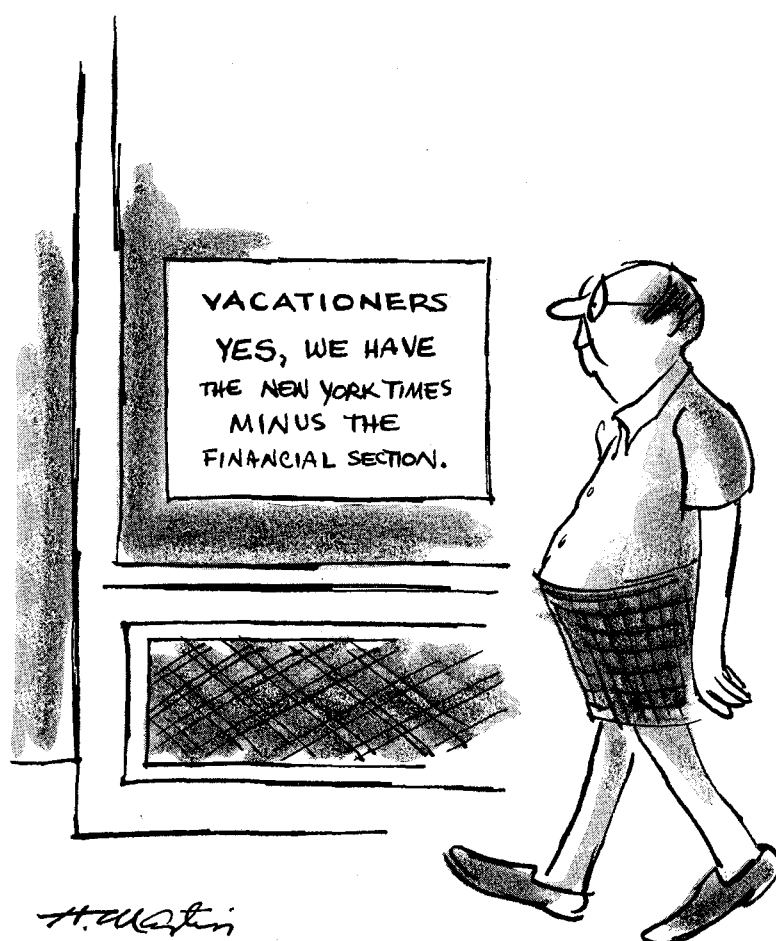
a backpack failure. On any sort of long trudge, an astronaut whose cooling system failed would faint from heat prostration within twenty minutes.

The drive along the edge of the mountains will be a little like sailing along a rocky, mountainous coast. The car may have to tack this way and that to avoid big boulders and to gain visibility, and it will certainly have to round promontories made by rock slides, which project out onto the *mare* like capes, leaving bays between. Exactly how close to the "shore" the astronauts can stay depends on the ruggedness of the coastline, and this is not known precisely, because the orbital photography of the area has not been very detailed. They could find themselves standing far out to *mare* in order to avoid islets of boulders the size of houses. On their way to Front Crater, they will have a chance to reconnoitre the best places to stop on their way back—and, with so many coves to peer into, they may have a tough time narrowing down their choice, especially since they have to narrow it to just two. The fact that Scott and Irwin are to choose the two stops themselves will allow them to take on a little more of the responsibility for lunar geology. They, after all, are the ones who are there, and if, as Dr. Gast hopes, they reveal themselves to be true geologists, this is one of the times they can do it.

One hope is that the astronauts will find some old, deep-seated rock. The discovery of a rocky ledge at the base of the mountains would provide the first such samples that could be positively located. Such a find seems unlikely, however, because the lower mountain slopes may well be covered with talus that has tumbled from above.

The main object of the third field trip will be to explore Hadley Rille—a sinuous trench about eighty-five miles long. There are a number of such rilles on the moon. Hadley is typical of them in that it is on the edge of a *mare* and seems to rise from a lakelike depression and terminate in a valley—a configuration that has led quite a few scientists to believe that such canyons were cut by water. In fact, rilles like Hadley were until recently cited as evidence that there may once have been water on the moon, though this theory now appears implausible in view of the facts that a rille, unlike a river, gets narrower downstream; is discontinuous in a way a river never could be, disappearing from view and then popping up a half mile or so farther on; and flows along the crest of a sort of gradual ridge in a way that a river never could. All these features, impossible for a river, are, according to a recent article in *Science* by Dr. Ronald Greeley, of NASA's Ames Research Center, in California, quite compatible with a rille's being a lava channel—that is to say, a huge trench cut by a river of lava.

Its source would be a volcanic vent, and the edge of a *mare*, which forms a break with the surrounding terrain, would be a natural place to find such fissures. Lava would be far thinner on the moon than it is on earth; it would have the consistency of water and would flow downhill in a similar way. But where the slope lessened and the flow of lava slowed down, its surface would harden into a crust. This would explain why a rille can keep vanishing and reappearing. Dr. Greeley notes that the ground on either side of a rille may have been built up by small tributary channels, which may be



similarly hidden by a crust, so the astronauts will have to drive carefully as they approach the rim. No distributary channels appear on any photographs of the Hadley Rille, though, and Dr. Lofgren, the Apollo 15 geologist, doesn't believe the astronauts are in danger of disappearing down a crevasse, for any soft spot in the ground would have caved in long ago under the constant bombardment of meteors.

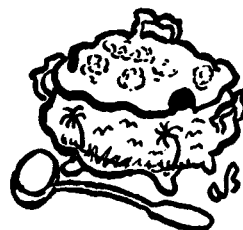
The astronauts will head for a small promontory jutting into the rille, called the Terrace, from which they will have a view up and down the canyon, and from which they may decide to descend a short way in their car. The view will not be as spectacular as that from a lookout terrace along the Grand Canyon, partly because the walls of the rille are not vertical cliffs. Indeed, there is no definite rim at the top of the rille. Rather, as the astronauts start down, they will observe that the ground slopes gradually to about ten degrees; then it steepens more abruptly to twenty-six degrees. The astronauts won't go that far—it is likely that the car wouldn't be able to get back up a twenty-six-degree slope. Rather, as they feel their way slowly along, they will carefully watch the instrument on their dashboard showing their angle of descent; they will not want to go beyond a six-degree slope. If Scott feels they are plunging downhill too fast, he will pull the stick control straight back to put on the brakes. When he wants to stop completely, he will pull the handle all the way back until it sticks—this is the emergency brake. Wherever it is that the astronauts stop, they probably won't be able to see the bottom of the rille directly below them, for in order to do so, Dr. Lofgren has calculated, an astronaut in a space suit would have to be standing on a slope steeper than twenty degrees. (And, in any case, cascades of talus have probably long since covered the rille floor.) Dr. Lofgren has also calculated, however, that the astronauts will be able to see at least eighty per cent of the side of the rille directly opposite them, and this is of great interest to the geologists, for the rille is a giant incision that should reveal the substructure of the Mare Imbrium. Geologists are not sure what underlies the *maria*. Certainly the great *maria* craters, blasted out near the beginning of the moon's history, were subsequently filled with lava to make the smooth black surfaces that the astronauts walk on. Whether the flooding took place all at once or in a succession of lava flows—and, if there was a succession of flows, over how long a period they continued—is not known. Dr. Gast and most other

geologists believe that the *maria* were flooded with successive flows for perhaps as many as a billion years, and therefore that the slope across from the astronauts will be striped with horizontal layers. The strata of the Grand Canyon go back two billion years, but the ones across from the astronauts (discounting a surface layer of regolith) may not even *begin* until well over two billion years ago, and they may go back about four billion years—to the early history of the moon. Dr. Gast will want to know whether there are a great many small layers or just a few large ones. He expects that above each flow the astronauts will see a layer of regolith, for as long as a flow was on the surface it must have been battered and eaten away by meteors; accordingly, the thickness of the regolith layers would indicate the time that elapsed between flows. The time calculations won't be simple, because events moved faster in the early days of the moon, when it was hotter and more meteors struck it, so the astronauts may find the layers of regolith getting thicker toward the bottom of the opposite slope.

Before the astronauts go back to the LM, they will drive to an area that may be a far more recent example of volcanism—the North Complex, a dome formed by viscous lava that has found its way to the surface of the *marc*. On earth, similar domes are often found in volcanic areas, and craters on them are usually volcanic ones. This is especially likely to be true of a chain of craters on the North Complex, because the best explanation for such a chain is that the craters are lined up along an underground fissure. Because the craters in the North Complex chain overlap, the astronauts will have to look for shallow places to cross them, as though they were fording streams. They will have some of their toughest driving here, for the dome may be littered with boulders and craterlets, and there might even be cliffs, whose crests they may come upon unexpectedly. The astronauts will pick out two places to stop, and it is possible that they will collect some of the youngest rocks of the Apollo program, which may bring the period when the moon was still hot enough to melt rocks into comparatively recent geological times.

BEFORE climbing the ladder into the LM for the last time, Colonel Scott will drive the moon car three hundred feet east, where it will be

out of the way of the blast of the rocket at takeoff, and park it so that it is facing the LM and has the sun behind it. Then he will aim its television antenna straight at the earth—a thin crescent not very far from the sun, which it will be due to eclipse in a few days' time. Before heading back to the LM, Scott will take a small squirrel-hair brush hanging from his suit and dust off the lens of the television camera, for, thanks to its batteries and those of the LRV, it should continue to work for some days. From his console in the Control Room, Mr.



Fendell will follow Scott as he walks back to the LM, zooming the lens so that by the time Scott gets there the LM will be filling about half the TV screen. Some hours later, Mr. Fendell will retract the lens to the widest possible

angle to make it easier to keep the LM within view as it lifts off the moon. On a twelve-inch screen, the LM will now be only an inch high. Because it takes one and eight-tenths seconds for a radio signal to reach the camera on the moon, Mr. Fendell will have to press the button ordering the camera to tilt upward that long before Scott fires the rocket. Then, if all goes according to plan, a blinding gush of flame will appear to cut the LM in half as the upper stage rises. It will get smaller and smaller, but after about sixteen seconds it will seem to get larger again, as if it were falling back onto the moon. Actually, it will be tilting over on its side—a move that will make it appear bigger—in preparation for insertion into lunar orbit. Mr. Fendell does not think he will be able to follow it much after that. For the next couple of days, Mr. Fendell will be doing WAPs and NATOs of any rocks that are about—the geologists are interested in seeing them under changing light conditions—and then, on August 6th, he will try to get a shot of the eclipse.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

Mr. and Mrs. John May of Bethesda announce the engagement of their daughter, Gwendolyn Ena, to Robert Edward Duvall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Duvall of Arlington, Virginia. Miss May is employed by United States Steel Corporation. Her fiancé is a Trust Officer with The Riggs National Bank. An August wedding is planned.

If there are any questions, please call Miss May at 783-2021.—*Washington (D.C.) Uptown Citizen*.

And keep them brief and to the point.

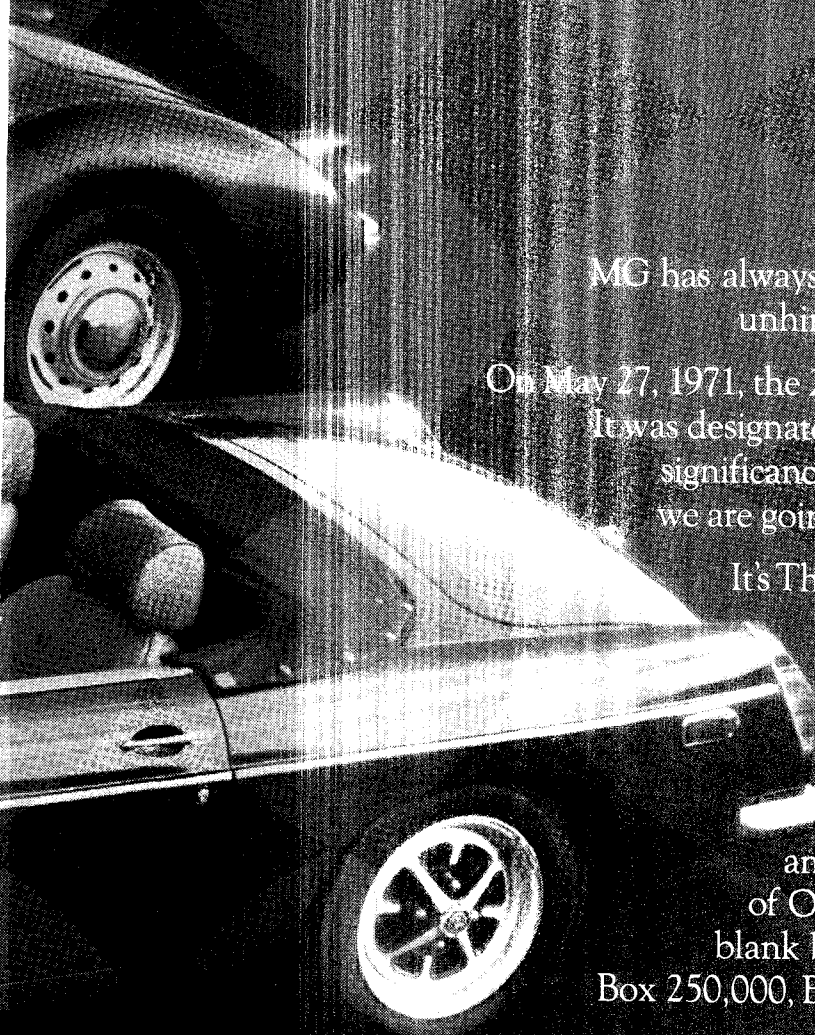


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MG-TD The TD took over where the TC left off and the idea of a high-performance sports car continued to attract new fans. By 1954, the TD had hit 30,000 in sales.

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The Great 250,000th MGB Giveaway officially closes Sept. 18, 1971. So hurry—act today. For the name of your local Austin MG Dealer, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll free



British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Rampant Ant, the Stultifying Nun

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE" is a horror thing about Armageddon-by-insect. Seeking to promise a new high in alarm, it identifies itself as "science fact;" the implication is that, taken in the right way, the atrocities of reality can yield shivers more *enjoyable* than anything you can get in fiction. It must be the promotional thought of the month.

The thesis is that insects and mankind are the only two species on the increase, and that insects have the jump on us. Man may do well biologically because he can change his environment, but insects do better because they can adapt to any changes we make. We invent DDT; insects then develop a galloping immunity. If the human race were so far destroyed that only a man and a woman were left alive, it would take more than a million years to restore human society to what it is today, but a pair of ants could re-create their society in two weeks, says the film, trying to make man feel humiliated. Well, yes, O.K., but it's still only a society of *ants*, you mutter back, prodded by the smirking Cassandra who presides over the film. This soothsayer is a fictional scientist called Nils Hellstrom, played by a young actor called Lawrence Pressman. He wanders about with a smugly apocalyptic look, delivering his ultimatum to mankind over documentary shots of locusts, bees, driver ants, black-widow spiders, and whatever. The film won the Grand Prix de Technique at the Cannes Festival, and one sees why; the enormous enlargements of insects making love, war, and conversation are extremely strange and interesting—if overtasteful aesthetically, in the way of some glossy full-page study of spaghetti and meatballs by a celebrated photographer. A Cézanne apple is more than apple, but a terrific piece of camera *verismo* about an ant is just ant.

"We demonstrated earlier that the insect has only a semblance of heart," says Dr. Hellstrom, in his deep-breathing way. "Let it now be known that he has no soul." Nils is anthropomorphic through and through. Sadly hectoring us over a sequence of a black-widow spider being impregnated, he talks about its "obese sexuality" as if it should diet. The film's points about ecology are grounded in fact and obviously sensible, but the narration undermines

them. Dr. Hellstrom isn't made to seem much of a scientist. He sounds, in fact, a religious-minded ass: "A species that survives is the chosen one." Speaking over the magnified corpses of some militaristic bees killed in battle, he intones an obituary that could be used by any pious brigadier general: "They died of selflessness, not greed." While



the beautiful, classy photographs go on, of butterfly wings jerking like Persian rugs being shaken out of a window, and topaz worker bees feeding up a couple of heirs presumptive with royal jelly because the queen bee has been lifted away with Dr. Hellstrom's forceps, the narrator unloads a mind that seems to be full of treacle and political speech writers' rejects. Soon after saying "Nature is indifferent to Utopia," he goes into a flat spin of mini-Marxism and congratulates insects on having "the instinct that they must work together to create the elusive Utopia." His attitude toward the reproductive capacities of insects is mystically dazed. He practically announces the Day of Judgment when he talks about the pregnancy rate of queen termites. One can see that this is a worry, but not so startling as, say, some sudden access of power in Henry Kissinger to multiply himself by the thousand every day. Dr. Hellstrom seems ambiguous intellectually, not to say scatterbrained. In spite of his thunderous ecological warnings, his admiration for species hellbent on birthrate remains undimmed. It is in a spirit of some reproach that he shows us film clips of human beings wasting good mating time while they float around Venice in love. As he so badly wants insects to have human characteristics, and as he sounds entirely unhelpful about chemical methods of insect-population control, the only way out of the impasse in his head would seem to be for ant couples to enjoy wasting time in gondolas.

DIDEROT's anticlerical "La Religieuse," written between 1760 and 1780, and turned into a film by Jacques Rivette two hundred-odd years later, is often taken to be one of the works that impelled the French Revolution. So much for the half-sure evidence of dates: the book wasn't actually published until 1796, posthumously, after the Revolution began. Rivette's

film, released here as "The Nun," misses a point just as crucially. In all its snaking, alexandrine length, there isn't a glimmer of humor, although the original book is acidly funny and arose out of a prank.

In the seventeen-fifties, a young nun who tried to break her vows became a minor *cause célèbre* among intellectuals. A friend of Diderot's, the Marquis de Croismare, did what he could for her case, but she lost. The Marquis left Paris for his estate near Caen, perhaps glancingly wounded in philanthropic self-esteem but not consigned to any extremity of romantic loss. Diderot and a friend called Grimm, missing the Marquis's company and playing on his susceptibility to a story of sore punishment, embarked on a long correspondence with him that assumed the incarcerated nun's identity to try to lure him back to Paris. The book itself began simply as an extension of the caper, to substantiate the swooning tone of the letters from the faked heroine. The writing of the novel made the fiction of the nun's love plight all too vivid to Diderot, and he apparently sometimes subsided into tears, but he never lost his sense of the mist of farcicality that clings to his heroine's character in spite of her predicament. Her voice remains artlessly self-congratulatory, with a pent-up sexuality disguised as surges of maidenly frankness. She believes of herself, with exquisitely noted vanity, that her worst fault is her inability to tell a lie. "The Nun" is full of wit, and also of true feeling; if it has a crusading spirit, the crusade is less against convents—which perhaps served some as not bad equivalents of our own Homes for Senior Citizens—than against parents such as the real nun's, who managed to avoid the cost of a marriage dowry and to get rid of an illegitimate daughter by committing her to a convent.

The Rivette film was banned in France by de Gaulle's government for its anticlericalism. The force of the film, which begins high and then wanders downward, lies in its solemnity about the Church and about nunnish adrenaline. The heroine, played by Anna Karina, is gradually and damply thwarted by lack of vocation and by pressure of longing for her parents' love. She asks for release from her vows, suffers torture from nuns who possess as little pity as a lot of fourteen-year-old schoolgirls in a dormitory, pleads with a rather overdrawn cruel mother, who wears a pretty Figaro wig and knits the while in artistically chosen gray wool, and lands up in a more con-

tented convent crammed with pleasure-seeking nuns whose relationship to her is definitely gilded with attention to the actress's marvellous beauty. Rather naturally, the heroine goes a little mad. She and we go through many miles of film calculated to create high-bred dread in agnostics and claustrophobes. Grilles bang in her face. Gray habits are whisked over her eyes. The realism is accurate, elegant, earnest, and suffocating. When she finally leaps over the wall, real life is such a parody of what she wants that she kills herself. There is much reason in the film, and much sensibility, but its nature is nearly as stultifying and overbearing as the life it portrays. A bit of Diderot's humor might have made it very fine. Part of the novel's gift is that it goes at a terrific slangy clip. But Rivette ("Paris Nous Appartient," "L'Amour Fou") hasn't a lot of feeling for speed or for natural speech. His gift is elsewhere.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The White House has officially unveiled the newly refurbished Vermeil Room and a \$25,000 English crystal chandelier in the grand hallway.

The room, on the first floor, houses the 300-piece collection of a Vermeil silver service—gold inlaid on sterling silver—donated to the White House during the Eisenhower administration by the late Margaret Thompson Biddle of Philadelphia.

The chandelier, described by White House curator Clement Conger as "the most beautiful thing I ever saw," once hung in the palace of an Indian maharajah and was donated by the Cafritz Foundation of Washington.

Among the new furnishings in the Vermeil Room are a \$14,000 heneke rug made in Turkey in the middle 19th century. It is pale green with gold highlights.

There are two English cut glass wall sconces priced at \$2,120; six side chairs made in England in the late 18th century, costing \$6,000; a pair of pedestals worth \$1,500 and two andirons made in 1750 valued at \$3,900.

Last month Sears Roebuck and Co. recalled 2,000 sets of imported Japanese dinnerware.—*San Diego Evening Tribune*.

Which just goes to show you.

DEAR EDITOR:

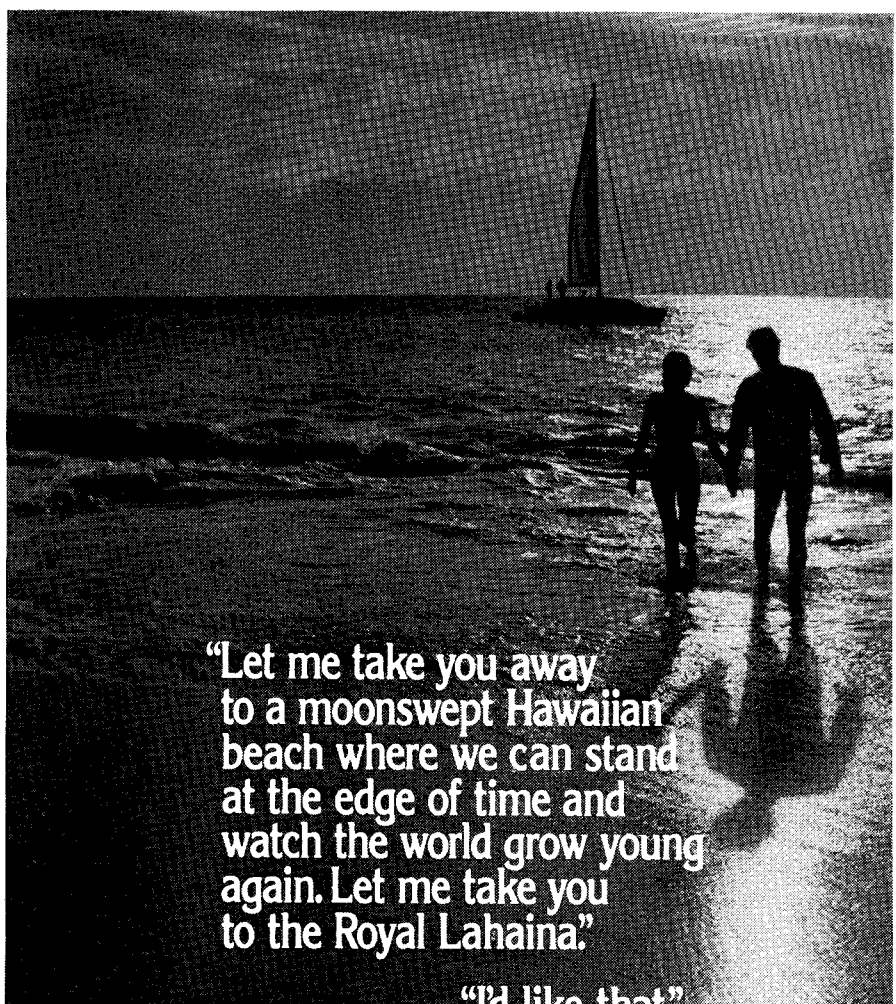
I've just hit a way to air my writing talent. I write letters to newspapers and magazines. Two of my irate letters have appeared in *The Village Voice*, and *The East Village Other* in New York City. It gives me a chance to use a style and slam home an opinion.

MEL SPIVAK
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THE SPORTING SCENE

RETURN TO MERION

MOST serious students of golf, if they were asked to name the two best courses in this country, would, I think, settle on Merion and Pebble Beach. The interesting thing is that no two courses could be more different. Pebble Beach, which will be the scene of the 1972 United States Open next June, undoubtedly occupies the most dramatic terrain of any course in the world. Situated on the Monterey Peninsula, in California, it is routed along high, rocky headlands that plunge with an awesome suddenness into Carmel Bay. Oceanfront land of this spectacular cast ordinarily winds up as homesites for the spectacularly wealthy, and if provision is made for a golf course somewhere in the area, the holes usually wander meekly in the background, behind the garages and the clotheslines. Now and then, a green may be allowed to nose to the edge of the water or a tee may be positioned on an isolated crag, but that is the extent of it. Pebble Beach is an exception. When work was begun on it, in 1916, the late Sam Morse, a real-estate man who had just been given command of the Del Monte Properties Company, was convinced that top priority had to go to constructing a great golf course if the company were to regain the standing it held in the eighteen-eighties and nineties, when its elegant Del Monte Hotel, on Monterey Bay, reigned as a sort of Newport of the West. Accordingly, when Morse was able to obtain the deeds to the waterfront lots in the Pebble Beach sector from the Chinese fishermen who had set up a village there, he allocated the choicest stretch to the new golf course. Pebble Beach was one of those happy economic accidents.

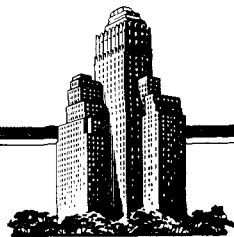
In contrast, Merion, where the 1971 U.S. Open was held a few weeks ago, was constructed on a rather unpromising piece of land—an abandoned farm in the town of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, which is on the Main Line about twelve miles west of downtown Philadelphia. To begin with, the tract consisted of only a hundred and twenty-seven acres—almost too small to accommodate eighteen good holes. In addition, it was L-shaped, which made routing the holes in an attractive sequence much more difficult. There were other obstacles, too. The ground was rocky, and the soil—what there was of it—was clayey. The land had some strong undulations, but they were

not particularly suited to golf, and there were few natural sites for tees or greens. And unless you happened to be the sort of person who goes in for old stone quarries, the property had next to nothing scenically—no vistas, no handsome stands of trees, and no water, except for a couple of piddling brooks. The wonder is why the golf-playing members of the Merion Cricket Club decided, in 1910, when they had outgrown the rudimentary layouts they had been making do with, that this mediocre plot in Ardmore was the answer to their prayers. As it happened, the course that was built there transcended all these difficulties, because it was designed and nurtured by a man with a touch of genius, Hugh Irvine Wilson, who was quite possibly the finest golf architect ever produced in this country. Wilson was an amateur in the field, but then a very high percentage of our truly distinguished courses have been the work of amateurs. The National Golf Links, in Southampton—the first great American course—was built, between 1907 and 1911, by Charles Blair Mac-

donald, a Chicago financier, who gained such fame from this achievement that he went on to make a career of golf architecture. Pine Valley, in Clementon, New Jersey, which has long been celebrated as the toughest course in the world, was built, between 1912 and 1918, by George Crump, a retired Philadelphia hotel man. After the great Bobby Jones, a lawyer by training, stepped down from tournament golf, in 1930, he served as co-designer of the Augusta National, in Augusta, Georgia, his colleague being Dr. Alister MacKenzie, a Scottish physician who had daringly changed professions in midstream. Pebble Beach, for that matter, was the work of two young men, Douglas Grant and Jack Neville, whose chief credentials at the time were that both were former winners of the California Amateur Championship. Neville stayed in golf architecture, but Grant, as far as I can discover, began and ended his career as a designer of courses with Pebble Beach. When you think of it, it is logical that amateur architects should be responsible for so many of our best tests of



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golf, for where the professional architect is generally in a hurry to wrap up his present commission and get on to the next one and the one after that, the amateur stays behind, lavishing time and love on his baby until he eventually makes it into something memorable.

Hugh Wilson was the ideal amateur architect. A gentle, conservative, quiet man, much like Leslie Howard in both appearance and manner, he was born in 1879, the youngest of three sons of a well-to-do Philadelphian who had served on General McClellan's staff during the Civil War. At Princeton, from which he graduated in 1902, he was an Ivy Club member and captain of the golf team; he and his brother Alan had been infatuated with the game from boyhood. After college, he settled down into an earnest Philadelphia groove. He married a hometown girl, entered the insurance-brokerage business with Alan, and played his golf at the Merion club. When the club bought the L-shaped tract in Ardmore, Wilson, because of his considerable knowledge of golf, was appointed to a five-man committee that was in charge of building the new course. The committee made several trips to Southampton to study the National Golf Links and absorb Macdonald's disquisitions on the art of golf architecture, and then decided to send one of its members—Wilson—to Great Britain to visit the famous fountainheads of the game. Wilson spent seven months on this pleasant assignment, collecting dozens of maps and drawings of the classic courses and of individual holes. On his return, he became the guiding spirit in the construction of the new Merion course, which was officially opened for play in September, 1912, almost exactly a year after the reworked land had been seeded. The course was an instant success. In November of that same year, in order to take care of all the members who now wanted to play golf, the Merion Cricket Club bought an adjoining plot in Ardmore for a second eighteen holes. Wilson also designed this course—the West course, a much shorter and easier layout—and it was completed in 1914. As for the main, or East, course—the one everybody has in mind when speaking of Merion—it was from the outset a special favorite with the crack golfers. They admired it not only because the holes required accurate marksmanship and a touch of finesse but also because the course had an indefinable quality that made it fascinating to play. This quality, in essence, resulted from the exceptional understanding that Wilson had acquired of what

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makes a great hole great. Moreover, he was able to devise on his rather ordinary acreage certain adaptations of well-known British holes that had impressed him deeply. (The third hole at Merion, for example, is a variation on the fifteenth at North Berwick—the renowned Redan—and the huge depression at the front of the seventeenth green at Merion is Wilson's version of the Valley of Sin on the eighteenth green at St. Andrews.) It took brains to play Merion. You couldn't just slug away off the tees, for almost every one of the fairways had a little twist to it, if not a sharp dogleg bend, and you had to place your drive artfully to keep it out of the rough and set yourself up so that you had the opening to the green on your approach shot. The greens were wonderfully varied—plateau greens, bench greens, crown greens, sunken greens, large greens, small greens, two-level greens, three-level greens, and greens that sloped in a hundred different directions—and they were so firm and resilient that it took a first-rate shot to drop the ball close to the pin and stop it there. Finally, the greens were extremely difficult to putt, for they were fast and filled with subtle breaks.

In 1916, Merion was host to the U.S. Amateur Championship—the tournament, incidentally, in which Bobby Jones, aged fourteen, made his début in national competition—and after that the whole country knew about it. In those days, however, golf architects received little publicity, and Wilson's reputation was more or less limited to the game's inner circle. He was frequently approached to build additional courses, but he took on only three more assignments: he acted as a consultant on two public courses in the Philadelphia area, and in the summer of 1919, following the death of George Crump, he and his brother Alan spent the summer at Pine Valley completing the four unfinished holes—the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth. Wilson would probably have been more active if he had not been dogged all his life by poor health, including circulatory and kidney ailments. Still, he never stopped working on Merion, revamping a green or a hazard or some other feature of a hole he felt could be improved. In these operations, he had an invaluable aide in Joe Valentine, the club's greenkeeper and an outstanding agronomist, who discovered, among other things, Merion bluegrass, a hardy, heat-resistant strain of Kentucky bluegrass that has become one of the most popular Amer-



ican grasses, not only for fairways but for lawns. Two old friends of Wilson's, Dr. Arthur Billings and Meredith Jack, remember vividly how he and Valentine worked together in the early nineteen-twenties, when they were revising the bunkering on the course. Valentine would spread out a bedsheet at the spot where Wilson was thinking of installing a new greenside bunker, and Wilson would move back down the fairway to see how things looked from the approach zone; the two would communicate by arm signals and shouts until the sheet was positioned precisely as the architect wanted it, and then Valentine would start putting in the new bunker. It was during this period that Wilson added the final touches to what is perhaps the best and best-known hole at Merion, the eleventh—a

370-yard drive-and-pitch par 4 whose green is guarded in front, on the right, and at the rear by Baffling Brook, which purls five feet below it, and where a nice little bunker commands the area to the left of the green. Curiously, Grover Bergdoll, the notorious draft-dodger of the First World War, had a hand in the improvement of the eleventh hole. Originally, the tee shot had to be played across Ardmore Avenue, but when Bergdoll, who loved to annoy people, began using the street as a testing strip for his Benz racing cars the tee was shifted to the other side of Ardmore Avenue. From the shorter tee, the hole played much better.

Hugh Wilson was only forty-five when he died, in 1925. He had by then become such an intrinsic part of Merion that the mourners at his funeral included a large number of caddies, who laid violets on his grave.

FOUR United States Amateur Championships have been played at Merion—in 1916, in 1924 (when Jones won it for the first time), in 1930 (when Jones completed his Grand Slam by winning his fifth Amateur), and in 1966. It was the logical choice as the venue of the World Amateur Team Championship in 1960, when the United States served as the host of that event for the first time. Prior to the recent U.S. Open, Merion had staged that championship twice—in 1934, when Olin Dutra won it, with a total of 293, and in 1950, when Ben Hogan, only fourteen months after his almost fatal automobile accident, scored an incredible victory, defeating George Fazio and Lloyd Mangrum in a playoff. There was an interesting sidelight



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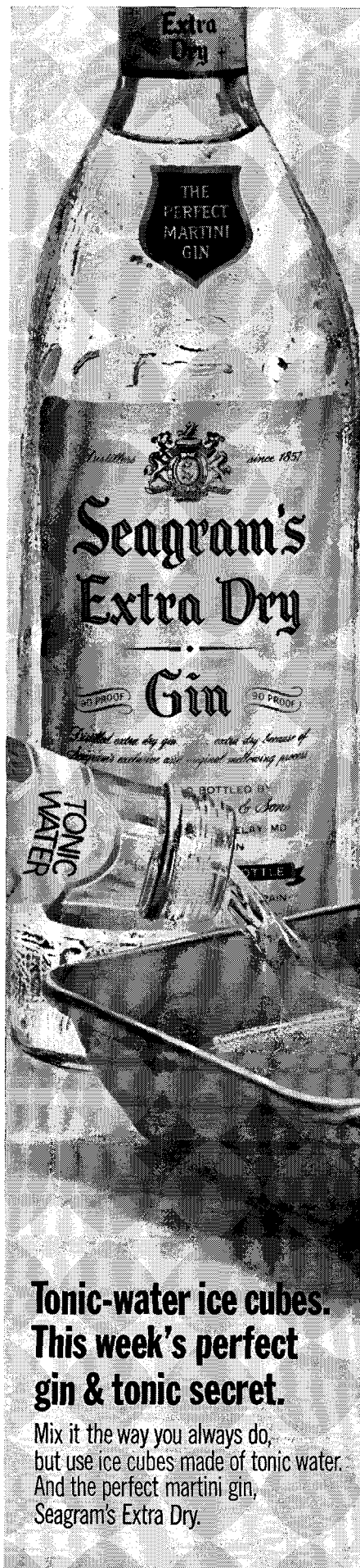
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to Hogan's triumph: his score for the four rounds of the tournament proper was 287—a surprisingly high figure in view of the fact that Merion had not been altered since 1930 and, measuring less than 6,700 yards, ranked as a comparatively short course. (There simply wasn't any room to extend the holes.) That 1950 Open was a big boost for Merion, since most courses of its vintage and yardage were no match for the modern power golfers, and the fact that Merion was seemed to suggest that it was a marvel of strategic design. The United States Golf Association was eager to bring the Open back to Merion, but circumstances prevented this. For one thing, in the new age of the automobile, parking facilities in the vicinity of the club were totally inadequate, and, for another, with the holes on Merion's small parcel of land fitted together as snugly as the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, there simply wasn't room on the course to accommodate the hordes of spectators who, in the new age of golf, annually turned out for the country's most important championship. Besides, it was reported that a segment of the club's membership had no desire to sweat out once again the inconveniences and discomforts that go along with a major championship. In any event, when the announcement was made that the problems had been licked (among other things, parking facilities on the nearby Villanova and Haverford campuses were borrowed for the occasion, and the number of spectators was limited to fourteen thousand), and that the Open was returning to Merion in 1971, there was a tremendous stir of excitement and much speculation as to whether, after all the advances in tournament golf since 1950, the course could still provide a bona-fide test for the world's finest players. The people who thought it couldn't emphasized the fact that in 1960, in the World Amateur Team Championship, Jack Nicklaus had taken the course apart with rounds of 66, 67, 68, and 68, for a total of 269—eighteen shots lower than Hogan's total in 1950. In rebuttal, Merion's defenders pointed out that Nicklaus had not played the real Merion. Because a large proportion of the participants in that particular tournament were relative novices from new-to-golf countries, the fairways had been kept very wide, the rough had been cut low, and the pins had been placed in the easiest positions; furthermore, there had been a good deal of rain during

that tournament, and as a result the greens were soft enough to hold full wood shots, and they putted with none of Merion's characteristic terrifying speed.

All golf tournaments, necessarily, are battles between the course and the players, but I can remember no previous tournament in which the interest in this encounter rose to the pitch it attained in the weeks preceding the 1971 Open and during the tournament itself. The people who thought Merion would be humiliated and the people who thought it would once again stand up agreed that, fundamentally, everything would depend on the condition of the greens. Since the course laid out for the Open measured only 6,544 yards—in contrast, the average Open course nowadays runs to over 7,000 yards—the players would be hitting medium or



short irons on their approaches to all but a few holes. Consequently, Merion couldn't hope to survive unless the greens were (a) firm enough so that only a well-struck shot would sit down quickly and (b) fast enough to require what Gene Sarazen used to call "a violinist's touch" on the putting stroke. Adding to the drama of the situation was the fact that the person responsible for getting the course in shape was Richie Valentine, the old greenkeeper's son, who in 1961, shortly before Joe Valentine's death, had succeeded his father as Merion's superintendent. Three weeks before the start of the Open, as a step toward getting the greens the way he wanted them, Valentine gave them a heavy top dressing—ninety per cent sand—an eighth of an inch deep, and a week later he gave them a second top dressing, a sixteenth of an inch in depth. Eight days before the start of the Open, in order to begin bringing the greens to the speed he was after, Valentine lowered the cut on his mowers to five thirty-seconds of an inch for their daily trim. On the morning of the opening round, he had his crew double-cut the greens, crisscrossing the second cut over the first. Despite the wonderful condition of the greens, and of the rest of the course—there was a helpfully lush growth of rough to keep the players honest off the tees—a heavy majority of the golf-wise spectators gathered at Merion thought that the winning total would be under 280, and that the Open record of 275 (set by Jack Nicklaus at Baltusrol in 1967 and tied the next year at Oak Hill by Lee Trevino) was extremely likely to be

broken. This sort of talk was gall and wormwood to old-line Merion men, but although a lot of hard words and grimaces were exchanged, I saw no blows actually thrown.

ON Thursday, the day of the opening round, seven men broke par—70. The low score was a 67, by Labron Harris, Jr. With five holes to play, Larry Hinson, the young touring pro, stood five under par and was in a position to make a real dent in Merion, but those last five holes constitute the roughest stretch of the course, and Hinson, with five 5s in a row, went six over par on them and finished with a 71. Though the course played well, the greens were a shade softer than the U.S.G.A. thought they should be, and that evening Valentine rolled them—for the last time, as it turned out. (The next morning, he triple-cut them, and he did the same every morning for the duration of the tournament.) Nicklaus, the heavy favorite, got off with a 69. Since accuracy, and not length, is the key to coping with Merion, he harnessed his celebrated power on the twelve par-4 holes, using his driver only three times and going with his 3-wood six times, his 1-iron twice, and his 2-iron once. This recalled the strategy he had employed in winning the 1966 British Open, at Muirfield, where he used his driver only seventeen times over the seventy-two holes. In a way, Merion plays very much like Muirfield and many other British links-land courses. On each hole, the golfer must carefully chart his route to the green and then tack his way from point to point, keeping away from the trouble. It calls for shrewd management and a delicate hand.

On the second round, with the pins set in slightly more demanding positions, only six players broke 70. There were two 67s; one of them, by Bob Erickson, an almost unknown circuit pro, gave him a share of the lead at 138 with Jim Colbert. Erickson, a tall, long-necked man of forty-five with a lined face, who was a watchmaker before he turned pro in 1956, has found making a living as a tournament player anything but easy. At various times, he has taken outside jobs, such as teaching at a driving range and working as an inventory clerk on the night shift at an automobile assembly plant. During the Open, he received word that the course in Sanford, Florida, that he had been representing (without pay) had been sold. Whenever I looked at Erickson's weary and weather-beaten face, all I could think

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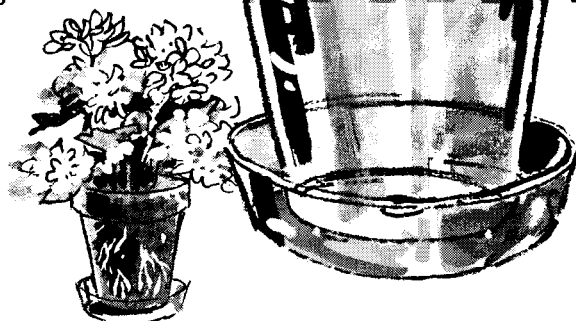
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of was that he was exactly the type of pro who would turn up in the rough, hard-bitten world of Raymond Chandler's and Ross Macdonald's novels. A somewhat better-known entrant, Arnold Palmer, moved into the picture on the second round with a 68, which gave him a thirty-six-hole total of 141—the same mark that Nicklaus had after a spotty 72. The hole that caused Nicklaus the most grief was the eleventh, the famous Baffling Brook hole. Here, after cutting a 1-iron off the tee into the matty rough, he yanked an 8-iron into the woods on the left, fifty yards short of the green, when his club got snarled in the rough; from there he tried to play a pitch-and-run wedge shot to the front part of the green and left it short; he then hit a very poor chip, which ran twenty feet past the pin and ended up in the bank of rough at the back of the green, dangerously close to the brook; his fifth stroke was a fairish chip three and a half feet past the hole; and he saved his double bogey by dropping the putt.

The third round, on Saturday, brought the third straight day of heavy, hot, humid weather. (Two more such days followed, and maybe it was sheer enervation on my part that led me to conclude that the galleries at this Open were the rudest since Oakmont in 1962 and the marshals the laziest since Borodino in 1812.) On this round, Palmer fell out of contention with a 73. His putting, which has been his undoing the past few years, once again let him down. He failed to hole at least four putts of five feet—the kind you must make to stay alive. Nicklaus was around in 68. He had two birdies and sixteen pars on his card, but he didn't play quite as well as those figures might indicate; on a number of holes he bailed himself out after sloppy approaches by improvising magnificent little wedge shots from the rough bordering the greens. Anyway, Saturday belonged to Jim Simons, a twenty-one-year-old amateur, who played No. 2 on the Wake Forest team this year behind Lanny Wadkins, the current U.S. Amateur champion. Simons, who put his approaches closer to the pin on this round than any other player did at any time in the tournament, had a remarkable 65, which included seven birdies. Simons' round showed that Merion would yield to inspired play—which a good course should. It also put him at the head of the parade, two shots in front of Nicklaus. Simons, a good-looking, blond young man who is a native of Butler, Pennsylvania—his father manufactures deodorizers

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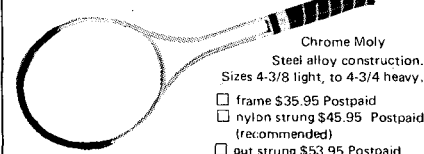
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there—had qualified for the Open twice before, the first time in 1967, when he was only seventeen. He was a member of our 1971 Walker Cup team, which lost to the British at St. Andrews this spring, and the week after that he was runner-up in the British Amateur, at Carnoustie, to Steve Melnyk, our 1969 Amateur champion. Compared to most of the cool, imperturbable hot shots coming out of the college golf factories these days, Simons is a shy young man, and he is forever worrying about his lack of natural confidence. He plays awfully well, though. Tom Weiskopf, who was partnered with him on the first two days, declared after Thursday's round that, in his judgment, Simons might be an even better golfer than either Wadkins or Melnyk. However that may be, it would have been hard to dream up a better scenario than we had going at Merion: In the lead, with one round to play, an engaging young amateur. Two shots away, the best golfer in the world—Nicklaus. Four shots away, and definitely in the hunt, the man who is probably the second-best golfer in the world—Trevino, a thirty-one-year-old Texan who burst upon the golf scene in 1967 and carried off the Open championship the very next year.

Early in the final round, Erickson and Colbert had been outdistanced, and the Open had settled down into a contest between Simons, Nicklaus, and Trevino—Simons and Nicklaus paired together, Trevino playing directly ahead of them. At four-thirty in the afternoon, when Nicklaus and Simons, both now even with par for the tournament, were on the eleventh, Trevino caught them with a dazzling birdie on the twelfth, a 405-yard par 4. Playing his approach with an 8-iron, he made such crisp contact with the ball that after it had landed a dozen feet or so past the pin, the terrific backspin on it brought it back to within fifteen inches of the hole. That was a terribly important shot, but not quite as important, I think, as one that Nicklaus had hit—or mis-hit—an hour and a half earlier, on the fifth. Though Nicklaus has won more major championships than any other golfer since Jones, he has never quite attained the same stature as Hogan, largely because of his strange susceptibility to giant-size, irremediable errors in critical passages. For example, on the sixth at Carnoustie in the 1968 British Open, when he was tied for the lead on the last round, he

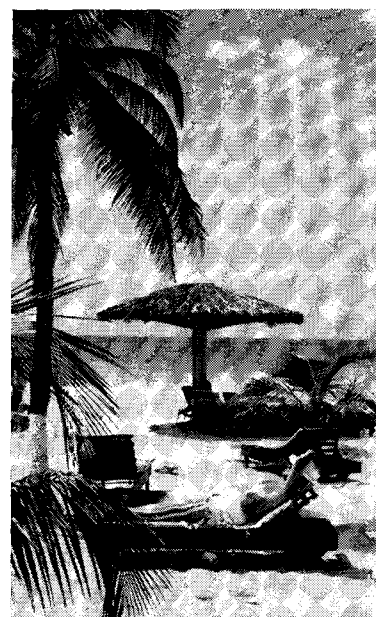


hooked his tee shot out of bounds, which was fatal, and this year in the Masters, when he was also tied for the lead on the last round, he dumped his tee shot into Rae's Creek on the twelfth, and never got rolling again. Well, on the fifth at Merion, moments after he had cut away the last stroke of Simons' lead and was in perfect position to take command of the tournament, Nicklaus made just such an error: he pulled his drive forty yards to the left of his line, smack into the brook in the rough. It cost him a double-bogey 6, but, more than that, there is no knowing how much that expensive mistake heartened Simons and Trevino.

The last hour and a half was hectic. Trevino, following his birdie on the twelfth, added another on the fourteenth, where he holed from twelve feet. That put him out in front. From that point on until he came to the eighteenth, he matched par and held on to his one-stroke lead over Nicklaus. (Simons was a stroke further back.) On that last hole, a 458-yard par 4, Trevino opened the gate for Nicklaus by pushing the six-foot putt he had for his par an inch to the right of the cup. Nicklaus seized his opportunity. If he is particularly vulnerable to major errors, he is also an almost incomparable competitor. He had kept himself within striking distance of Trevino by sinking clutch putts of about six feet on the fifteenth and sixteenth. On the seventeenth, where he learned that Trevino had bogeyed the last hole, he managed to get down another sinuous six-footer to save his par. He came to the eighteenth needing a par to tie. That last hole, a roller-coaster fairway to a humpbacked green, is perhaps the most difficult on the course. Nicklaus played it heroically. His drive—his best of the tournament—was down the middle of the narrow fairway, about two hundred and eighty yards out. Then, playing a 4-iron from a steep downhill lie, he somehow wafted the ball, in a soft, high trajectory, right at the pin. It stopped fifteen feet short. His target on the putt was the right corner of the cup, but he pulled the ball a fraction and it slid by on the left. Trevino 280, Nicklaus 280. Simons, who had a 6 on the final hole, finished three shots behind them—a superlative effort.

PLAYOFFS are generally anticlimactic, but this was an arresting one. After an inauspicious beginning—

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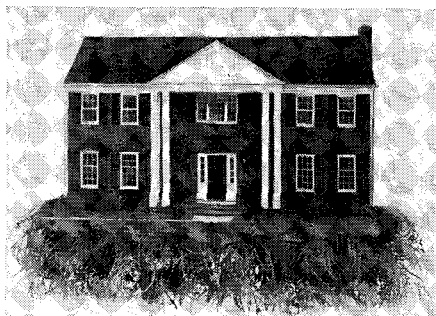


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on the first hole Trevino got his body way out in front on a little 9-iron pitch and shoved the ball into a bunker, and on the second and third holes Nicklaus messed up a couple of bunker shots—these two precision shotmakers settled down and we were treated to a really brilliant duel. Last autumn, when they met in the final of the World Match-Play Championship at Wentworth, in England, Nicklaus was the winner, 2 and 1. This time, it was Trevino's day. He played a wonderful round. After the third, he led all the way, riposting instantly whenever Nicklaus threatened, and he eventually finished with a 68 to Nicklaus's 71.

The grandson of a Mexican gravedigger, Trevino grew up in Dallas and learned his golf hustling the customers at a local par-3 course. He is extremely chunky in build, and anything but a picture swinger. He is the fellow you meet in the first round of the state amateur championship who beats you 7 and 6 and leaves you utterly confounded. He takes the club back on a very flat plane as he wheels around on his backswing like a man swinging a scythe. He would probably hit one duck hook after another if it weren't that he has schooled himself to keep his left leg perfectly solid as he comes into the ball. This gives him something to hit against, and with his superb instinctive hand action he opens the face of the club a fraction before impact and fades the ball from left to right, forcing his right shoulder through and around on that flat, scything plane. In spite of his agricultural style, as Leonard Crawley, the English golf critic, describes it, Trevino controls the ball as well as anyone in the game. His drives, hit on a low line, almost invariably find the fairway. He is an excellent iron player and, from a hundred and twenty-five yards in, quite phenomenal; those were the shots he had to depend on back in the days when he was hustling for a living. To round things out, he is a fine putter, with a sound, simple style: the blade, square all the way, skims just above the grass going back and going through. In short, he is sort of a new version of Bobby Locke and Billy Casper—a straight, steady player who can be murder on and around the greens. He certainly was that against Nicklaus in their play-off. On the twelfth, the slipperiest green on the course, he holed a twenty-foot sidehill putt. On the fourteenth, he got down in two from the rough beside the green, holing from ten feet. On the fifteenth, after Nicklaus had put his approach seven feet from the pin, Trevi-

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no held him off by rolling in a twenty-five-footer for *his* birdie. He simply gave Nicklaus no opening whatever—he did not bogey a hole after the first—and when Nicklaus at length made a mistake on the seventeenth, bunkering his tee shot and missing his par, the outcome was settled. (A word about Nicklaus. Because he is so good at winning, we are apt to overlook what a good loser he is. There isn't a better sportsman in sport.)

With the exception of Palmer, no golfer on the pro tour is as popular with the crowds as Trevino. He talks a blue streak on the course, partly because talking calms him down and helps ease the strain of competition, and partly because the spectators dote on his quips and his banter and the way he presents himself as a man of the people, the unaffected and unpretentious Chicano. For my part, I have far more trouble assessing Trevino the personality than Trevino the golfer. While there is no question that he possesses ebullience, humor, and natural appeal, he loses me when he becomes too consciously the commercial gagman and the professional wooer of galleries. There is, for me, good Trevino and bad Trevino. Under good Trevino I would certainly put the sally he made on the seventy-second tee, when his nervous caddie forgot to give him his driver. "Are you choking already?" Trevino said. "I'm doing all the playing and *you're* choking." I'd also include even that crazy moment on the first tee before the start of the playoff when Trevino pulled a toy snake from the pocket of his golf bag and tossed it at Nicklaus. Under bad Trevino I would put the formula cracks he repeats with little or no variation thousands of times a year, such as his greeting to Ted Heath, the British Prime Minister, at the British Open last year—"Did you ever shake hands with a Mexican before?"—and prattle on the order of "Why do I wear a red sports shirt on Sundays? Well, if I play bad on the last round of a tournament and cut my throat, it blends." Anyway, we can be fairly sure of two things: there have been few more volatile golfers in the history of the game, and few better ones. Two weeks ago, Trevino won the Canadian Open, and last week the British Open—and few people have ever had a streak like that.

IT was a tonic to get back to Merion. No other course on which the Open is played provides such a strong tie with the past. It was good just to gaze at

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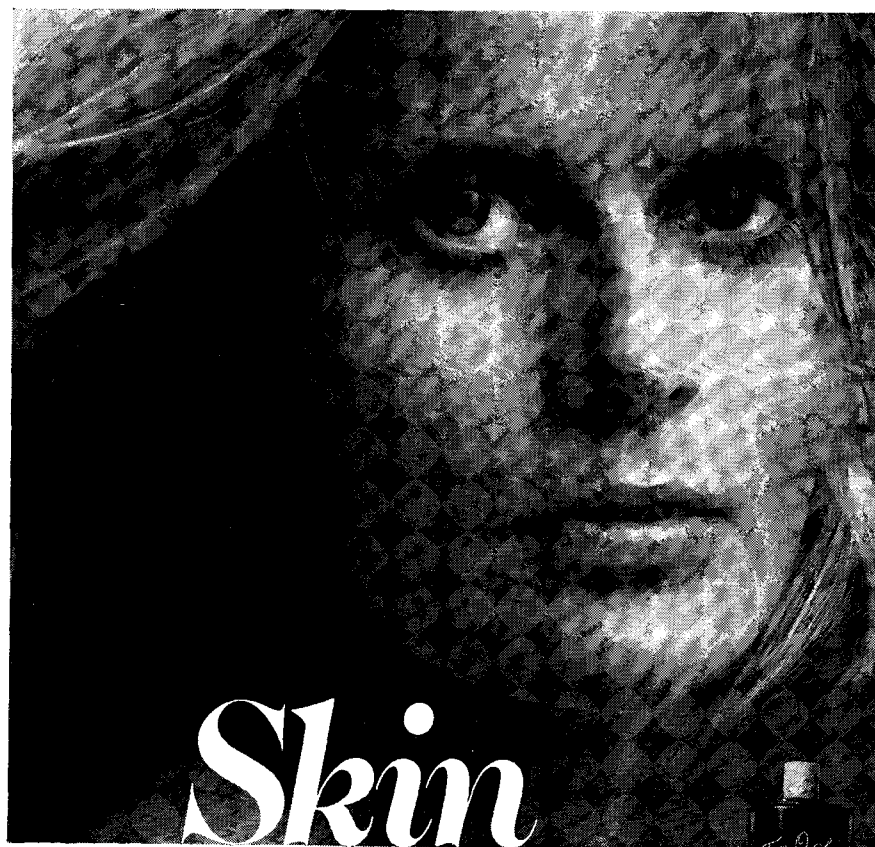
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the unchanged white, pillared clubhouse, with its black shutters and its old-fashioned green-and-white striped awning over the side veranda, and to watch the players drive off the tree-shaded first tee a mere step away from the veranda. Where else in golf, which is so overproduced these days, do you find this? As Gene Sarazen remarked, beaming, the day before the tournament, "Merion is just the same. Only the players are different."

About halfway through the tournament, it became apparent that the old course was going to stand up very well indeed against the new generation of golfers. After that, the old-timers who had been edgy and protective about it began to relax, and they were soon bouncing around buying drinks for strangers. It was, naturally, an immense satisfaction to them that the winning total was 280, since this meant that no one broke par for the tournament, but the main thing was that the course had played beautifully and that the field had enjoyed hitting half shots to the sensitive greens and trying to keep the ball below the cup (to avoid a downhill putt) and meeting the other special challenges that Merion presents. Richie Valentine's greens were in such excellent condition that, for the first time in memory, I cannot recall a single reference by a disappointed player to a putt he missed because of a spike mark. There were no spike marks. Many times during the Open, thoughts of Valentine's father passed through my mind, and I was continually reminded of Hugh Wilson—how well his holes have endured, and how contemporary is the examination in golf he prepared so long ago. I certainly hope we won't have to wait another twenty-one years before the Open returns to Merion.

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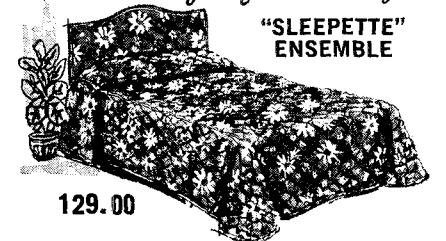
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



A CABDRIVER—one of the polite and ponytailed new breed you might be fortunate enough to hail—showed me his hand-

bag. The young man had transformed a humble, functional knapsack into a craftsmanlike study in textures. Tufts of feathers, knots of beads, and lapel buttons chosen as much for their size and color as for their humanitarian messages were carefully distributed over the canvas. This sophistication marks the evolution of a taste for texture, color, and pattern among young people throughout the world, who believe that possessions should look as though they had been made by people. At the commercial level, this taste has led youthful designers and boutique owners in this country to work with skins and leather—thonged, fringed, and joined in patches. In England, in spite of cool summers and unheated houses, an equivalent group has long been absorbed by original prints on light fabrics such as silk and chiffon.

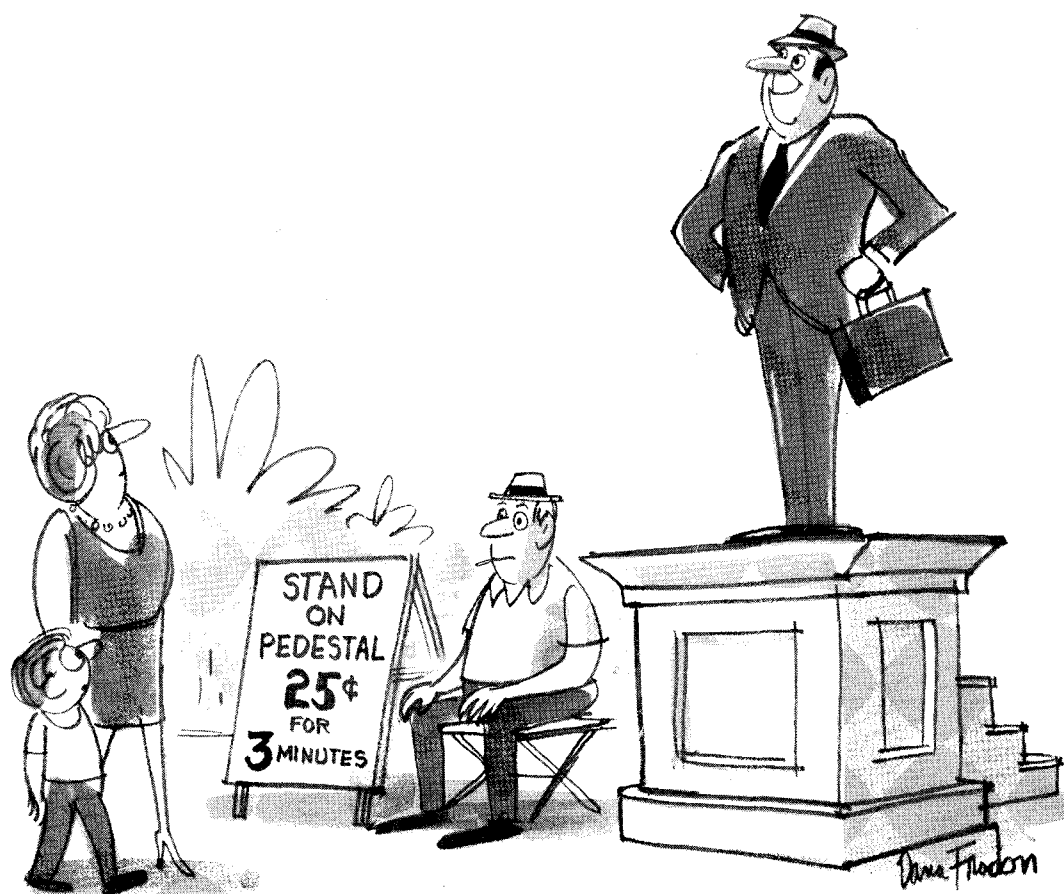
Thea Porter is one such English designer, and she has now opened a boutique in New York, at 203 East 60th Street. In the present stock, most of the vehicles for her prints are evening gowns, and most of these are of chiffon. As with the cabbie's knapsack, shape and purpose are subsidiary to the detailed glories of the material. The designer has brought together all possible elements of flattery (usually a fairly low neckline, a floor-length skirt, a high waist, and long, floating sleeves) and, with that duty done, moved on to her art—hand-screened prints of a breathtaking beauty. In the tall, cool room where these are displayed, French windows stand open before a creeper-covered garden. The drifting chiffon curtains are printed with crested peacocks trailing lordly tails across a field of white; the same creatures appear on big velvet cushions strewn across the floor. Any gathered armful of the dresses captures more of an aviary filled not with cocky, childish songsters but with fierce birds of para-

dise strutting through masses of radiant color. A floor-length rectangle of black chiffon, with a hole for the head, bears a print of tamer forms, which may be roses (none of the images are representational), but the wearer would herself look like an exotic bird. One of the dresses, which happens to have a mid-calf skirt and a high, round neck, has long sleeves and a low-waisted bodice that is lined with vertical tucks. These are edged with white cotton lace, whose frail crenellations echo the Crusades being waged in the chiffon print of the dress—warriors in wrapped-around-the-chin turbans parading on snorting, temperamental steeds. The background of the chiffon is beige, but the petticoat beneath it is pale-blue silk, so when the dress is worn the horsemen seem to prance before a shifting sky. This dress is \$300, and so is a birdlike, rose-printed cape.

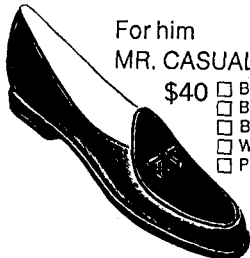
Many of the Thea Porter prints involve Paisley scrolls and other themes from Oriental fabrics. Familiarity with the fabrics of India has contributed enormously to the renaissance in textile design. The clothes in Sona the Golden One, at 11 East 55th Street, with their combination of simple, flattering lines and sumptuous materials, suddenly be-

gin to look completely feasible. Indian wardrobes stayed aloof from fashion, and the Western World caught up with trousers and long skirts. But it will never rival Indian fabrics. (It has been trying hard enough, though, ever since Vasco da Gama returned to Europe with his bales of silk.) The shop is run by the Indian government, which may explain the endearingly exact and bureaucratic prices, such as \$88.25 and \$73.20. Bodies don't change radically over the years, and neither, it appears, does elegance in covering them. Sona stocks a fine series of imitations of Mogul court costumes. These fasten to one side of the throat with a ball button that closes an inset crescent-shaped bib bound in a contrasting fabric—an inspired and graceful way of getting heads into high necklines. Some of these robes, which are floor-length and have long, narrow sleeves, are split from the waist, and they are worn over tight trousers; some are gored, with fullness in the front or the back of the skirt so that it is sure to rustle. The prints—on silk, chiffon, or cotton—are unique, and the colors are extraordinary.

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worth, at 33½ East 68th Street, is also born of the resurgent interest in fabrics. The parent influence, in this case, is interior decoration and what were once household linens but are now "fashions for the bed and bath." The shop is a study in whitewashed brick, white wicker, and bathroom tiles, and it is splashed with pieces of bright fabric in the form of napkins, tablecloths, lined picnic baskets, and clothes. Long caftans, with a narrow tie at the neck and two stitched-down pleats on the bodice that open to give great fullness at the hem, are \$35 in any of a choice of fabrics in stock. (The shop makes up orders, meticulously, within a week after the customer's decision.) So is a pinafore for those who sometimes do housework and find it something of a game. The apron has wide, winging ruffles on the shoulders, a flounce around the ankles, and a sash to tie in a generous bow at the back of the waist; with a blouse and a pair of bloomers underneath, it becomes self-sufficient. A white seersucker crossed with fine lines of yellow, pink, and navy, and a soft Liberty cotton whose greenish-beige ground is filled with hedgerow details, are the prettiest of the fabrics. But the pinafore seems to mock its inefficiency in a particularly likable way when it is made of the crisp gingham that is the specialty of the house. This fabric is also used to great effect when, quilted and backed by white terry cloth, it becomes a set of beach necessities (or luxuries) consisting of a mat, a pillow, pouches, and a bag to transport the whole. This is \$60; a long, sleeveless beach robe in white terry, bound and belted in gingham, is \$55.

The French have always made fine fabrics, but they are now in danger of being left behind in the field. Their prints nod eagerly to the idea of youth with puffy clouds, toffee apple trees, and the elephants and piglets with which Saint Laurent himself will spot his designs. But there are indications that French designers are not supplied with sensible, original, and indigenous prints, or are not inspired by them. The chief strength of French designers is still cut and proportion, and they are content, in the service of line, to use quite ordinary fabrics in unusual ways, to borrow them from other parts of the world. Some bikinis at De Noyer, of 219 East 60th Street, for example, are cut with the perfection that only the French know, and practically everything here is French. The bikinis are part of a collection in white muslin in a print of square red plumbers' washers or smaller round blue ones

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whose fuzziness owes something to tie-dye and much to the Indian sub-continent. This wispy substance is used imaginatively in garments associated with far tougher fabrics. Among them are trousers cut like French bluejeans, with distinct thigh and calf sections joined by a V-shaped seam over the knee; shorts; and a battle jacket. Each portion of the set is around \$30. Indian-print muslin is also seen in bikinis. These are lined, and they have halter necks and a length of cord lacing the two halves of the brassière. Matching hip-slung skirts tie in a bow, Polynesian style, at the navel. This threesome appears in white, with what seem to be hand-painted orange flowers and green leaves, or in reddish-brown. Flimsy madras, in three combinations—black checks on white; green with black, red, and yellow; yellow with navy and white—is used for two-pocketed shorts and matching unlined boots with two-inch heels.

The clothes in De Noyer's new neighbor on East 60th Street, Faramenous East (at No. 221), are all French. Though they are less exotic, their spirit is the same: the materials are quite familiar, and they are subordinate to clear lines and careful tailoring. Pale-blue denim with white mattress-ticking stripes appears in a midriff top and wide, ankle-length culottes. The top closes under the bust in ties that widen at the ends; its long, pointed collar spreads toward the short, cuffed sleeves. The stripes run vertically from the waist of the trousers to the top of the thigh and diagonally below that. The detail on an attractive shorts suit is as well thought out as its material—madras checks in coloring-book colors—is naïve. The shorts, which are cuffed and have two front pockets, hang from a bias yoke at the waist, and a short battle jacket has a teardrop collar, short, cuffed sleeves, an inset seam down the spine, and white thumb-tack fastenings. The price of \$39.50 is fairly representative. This clean new shop can supply, for summer days, a variety of crisp, short-skirted dresses, such as a red-and-white-checked romper wrapped in a miniskirt that is lined with red and white polka dots, or— for more sober moments—pleated below-knee skirts in black or navy

crêpe de chine spotted with white.

Scandinavia, no laggard in the production of original prints, has also given us perfect, simple, and functional design in clogs. These appeal both to the young, who like their air of homespun innocence, and to people who are on their feet all day. They have been widely imitated, but domestic examples accentuate the clumsiness of the style while sacrificing its air of cleanliness. It has become clear that clogs are now one of the few forms of footwear that look right with this season's bare legs and shorts, but the charm of the Fashion Clog (694 Lexington Avenue, at 57th Street), all of whose clogs are Swedish, is that the shop doesn't set out to be fashionable. Shoeshops are not the most tempting ports of call on hot days, but this small establishment is an exception. Its stock of bright leather clogs on pale wooden soles lines the walls; some of it is visible, the rest is in white boxes. Perhaps the coolest of the lot is in punched white leather. (The perforations could always be embroidered by an energetic hand.) A more elaborate clog in blue suède has a high, gently pointed instep and a vamp in two sections. The one nearer the toe is pinked, and is stitched to its superior with white thread. Most styles cost \$9.50.

ON a sticky day, the extensive services in the new palace of beauty on the third floor of Saks might prove a comfort. The honeycomb of rooms offers boundless possibilities to those who like to be pampered. In these five airy salons, the sybarite can get her hair done or enjoy a manicure or pedicure. In one of these, the Studio, a hair set might be enhanced by the attentions of Nilo Viyella, the makeup artist. And the customer might closet herself for a facial with Miss Rita and discuss a way of life that would best preserve the skin, or she might wander down the yellow halls and drop in on Yvonne Sergeant, who will teach her how to grow her nails and to live with their preservation in mind—ringing doorbells with the knuckle, putting on girdles with the feet, and so forth. Another source of comfort is the capable Miss Rosemary, who will straighten hair turned into corkscrews by humidity. —KENNEDY FRASER

Another of the noteworthy items out of three decades of service was his exposure to ten atomic blasts in the Nevada desert near Las Vegas where, in the course of the year, many citizens are detonated.

—Hartford Times.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 10
THERE can now be little doubt that the conflict in Indo-China is entering a terminal phase, at least as far as this country is concerned. There is sure to be bloodletting for years to come—much of it accomplished by foreign ordnance, some of which will be ours—but the direct American combat role is drawing to an end for the good and sufficient reason that there is practically no one left who can find glory or advantage of any sort in it. Quite the contrary. Everything that looks or sounds like a move toward peace sends the President's rating—which lately hit an awesome fifty per cent on the Harris Survey scale—upward. His performance in other fields—such as the economy, crime control, race relations—is so poorly regarded that peace may, in fact, be the one thing that can keep him in the race for the Presidency next year. With its passage of the Mansfield Amendment to the Selective Service Act, the Senate has become an enormous dovecote, and if present trends continue hawks will soon be a minority in the House—as, indeed, they are in the country at large. At least until recently, our planners have thought of “Vietnamization” and the implementing of the “Nixon Doctrine” in terms of withdrawing our ground forces while permitting air and naval support to our South Vietnamese allies, but it seems unlikely that a Congress that has come to regard the entire war as a demented undertaking would long provide funds for this form of participation, which might be “cheap” in American lives but would be costly in all other ways, and hypocritical to a degree that should offend even the most callous of our remaining Cold Warriors. Moreover, the senior military people, who may once have seen Vietnam as a fine testing and training ground, now see it as a theatre of atrocities and a destroyer of the morale and prestige of the services and wish to get out in order to begin the rebuilding of their once proud organizations.

Throughout much of the past week, there was some hope that the peace might begin to take shape in Paris this month. The North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, spoken for by their highest-ranking negotiators, came in with a proposal to effect the release in 1971 of all Americans held prisoner in North and South Vietnam provided the last of the American and allied (Australian, New Zealand, Korean) forces would withdraw by the end of the year. Since

the release of prisoners is the only remaining war aim of any respectability, since our adversaries had never previously offered anything more than to “discuss” the prisoner-of-war question once we had disengaged, and since in any case our plans called for something close to full withdrawal within a period measurable in months, this was a proposal with a new and attractive sound—the more so in that it specified that political settlements need not be gone into until the military arrangements had been made. On close scrutiny by the Nixon team, however, it had some clear—and, of course, clearly intentional—drawbacks, of which the most notable, perhaps, was its insistence that the United States dump President Thieu in advance of the remaining military negotiations, which, if they were to take place shortly, would be in advance of the national elections scheduled for October. Although the Americans in Vietnam are trying to show impartiality in the Presidential contest—Henry Kissinger has visited all three of the leading contenders this week—it is plain that Thieu is the least objectionable of the lot, and even if this were not so, the President could not simply jettison him. Even if it could be justly surmised that the American President would not be displeased to see the South Vietnamese President take up residence in Switzerland next week, Western political ethics being what they are he could no more summarily remove him from office at the request of the Vietcong than he could order Nelson Rockefeller out of Albany merely to accommodate John Lindsay. In the hope of explaining such subtleties, and perhaps of reach-

ing some accommodation, Ambassador Bruce proposed that next week's session be held *in camera*, but the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, sensing a clear propaganda advantage—they, after all, have gone at least halfway toward meeting the most urgent American demand—declined. The peripatetic Dr. Kissinger is due in Paris next week, and there are rumors, denied by American sources, that he will meet privately with Le Duc Tho and Mme. Binh, but whether he does or not, it is unlikely in the extreme that the other side will follow what looks to all the world like an unrequited major concession with another one. To expect two in two weeks after none in three years is a bit excessive.

WE are in any case headed for the exits, and while Mme. Binh and Le Duc Tho can speed or impede our progress, our direction seems irreversible. This would have been welcome news at any time in the last decade, but there was a period, in the years immediately following 1965, when the perils of withdrawal seemed almost as great as the perils of perseverance. Our casualties were then getting into the tens of thousands, and as the folly of the enterprise became more and more apparent, so did the likelihood of a period of ugly political recrimination. The war was producing disunity not only because its critics and its supporters were more and more at one another's throats but because it was getting in the way of those large domestic undertakings—the eradication of poverty and racism, the rebuilding of the cities—to which we as a people seemed to have committed ourselves in the national elections of 1964. The war was consuming both the funds and the political energies required for large-scale domestic reform. To have left Vietnam with thousands of Americans dead and with none of our aims accomplished would, it seemed, have set the stage for the kind of hunt for scapegoats that followed the fall of Nationalist China in 1949—in which, after all, no American lives had been lost. Furthermore, a withdrawal from Vietnam at that time would most probably have meant a withdrawal from all of Asia except Japan—something on the scale of our withdrawal from Europe after the disappointments of Versailles. So grave did this danger appear to some authorities on Asia—most notably Edwin Reischauer, the Harvard scholar whom President Kennedy had made Ambassador to Japan—that there was a widespread tendency to believe that although





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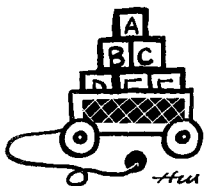


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we had been foolish to let ourselves be drawn into Vietnam in the first place, the wisest course remaining to us at the time was to continue to pursue the war with all deliberate lack of haste. If it was impossible to maintain that we were accomplishing anything of value in Vietnam, it was at least possible to maintain that the good we might do elsewhere in Asia could outweigh the harm we were doing in a single country there. If it is difficult now to understand why we should have posed the alternatives in such a way, it is only necessary to recall that at the peak of our involvement in Vietnam a majority of our people (or a near majority) believed not that we had intervened in a civil war but that we were holding the line against world Communism—



or, at any rate, against Chinese Communism. To have abandoned Vietnam in the late sixties would not, in the popular view, have been merely to concede our inability to put down a peasant revolt with firepower alone but, rather, to concede that we were not the match for Asian Communism that we had earlier shown ourselves to be for Communism in Western Europe. Readers of the Pentagon Papers may now think of the repudiated Gulf of Tonkin resolution as a sly means of preparing the way for escalation after the 1968 election; whatever else it may or may not have been, it was a way for Lyndon Johnson to improve his standing with the 1968 electorate. His Harris Survey rating on his stewardship of Southeast Asian affairs shot up thirty per cent—from forty-two to seventy-two—after the Tonkin affair.

In the late sixties, and particularly after the turmoil of 1968, it seemed reasonable to assume that the attitudes prevalent in the middle of the decade not only would endure but would harden. Nationally, there was more outrage over the forms that protest took in Chicago during the Democratic National Convention than over police efforts to deal with them. A stridently right-wing Administration assumed power, and its leading spokesmen achieved, it seemed, at least as much approbation as notoriety by focussing their attacks on dissent and dissenters. The Supreme Court came under the domination of a conservative majority. Although the war was manifestly growing more unpopular, the Nixon Administration, while disengaging militarily, insisted at the outset that its political sights had not been lowered and that the defeat of Communism was

still its prime goal. Theoretically, the case against precipitate withdrawal that seemed compelling to some in, say, 1966 and 1967 was at least as sound in 1968 and 1969 and should be every bit as sound today. But clearly this is not so. There are a few men in the Senate who would sacrifice their careers for a principle, but not enough to make consistent majorities. With a single exception—Senator Jackson, of Washington—every Democrat who is even thinking of seeking the Presidential nomination in 1972 not only is

against the war but is building his campaign around opposition. None is an isolationist; none is seeking support on a stay-out-of-Asia position. None seems afraid of recommending what would be tantamount to defeat. None seems to fear a confrontation with the pro-war forces. As a matter of fact, there don't seem to be any pro-war forces to confront anymore. There is no "Vietnam lobby" comparable to the China lobby of the early fifties. There is, indeed, no pro-war spokesman—not even a military one of any standing. General Maxwell Taylor, a gallant and honorable soldier, has said that he will make no apologies for his role in the Vietnam controversies, but neither he nor anyone else is making a MacArthur-type crusade. In fact, one of the ironies of this war is that although it has been the occasion for many acts of individual valor, no truly heroic figure has emerged from it. Almost certainly the best-known veteran is Lieutenant William Calley, and in time his lamentable celebrity may be rivalled by that of the anti-war veterans Lieutenant John Kerry and Colonel David Hackworth.

WHAT could more or less be observed by the casual onlooker has recently received impressive statistical documentation in a study made by the Gallup Poll under the sponsorship of a local think tank—the Potomac Associates, which receives no government subsidies. The Gallup people found that a substantial majority of Americans—fifty-five per cent—now want to "end the war, even at the risk of an eventual Communist takeover." Three years ago, less than a third of the respondents took this position. Today, only slightly more than a third, or thirty-six per cent, favor fighting on until there is a "settlement insuring Communists don't take over." Three years ago, sixty-two per cent favored a fight to the end. Although this changed attitude no doubt reflects an



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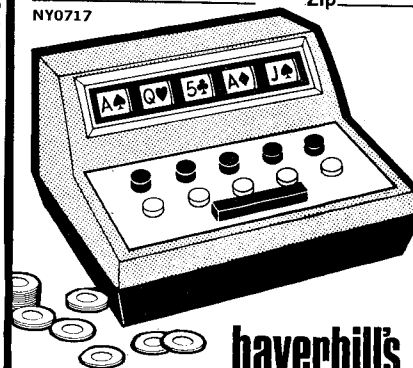
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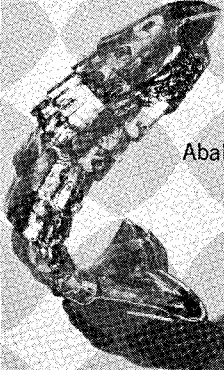
awareness of the decline of Communism as a global movement and universal menace, it also reflects a new set of fears about the condition of American society and about the impact on our own lives of this longest and most hated of American wars. On Vietnam, the statistical breakdown by age, sex, race, education, and the like showed almost no distorting variations of any importance. It was not a matter of the numerous young being all for a pullout and the less numerous old wanting to keep the flag aloft; there was only a six-point spread between those under thirty and those over fifty. The largest spread was between whites and nonwhites—twenty-five per cent—but both whites and nonwhites favored immediate withdrawal, whites by fifty-three per cent and nonwhites by seventy-three. Somewhat surprisingly, the Republicans were two percentage points ahead of the Democrats in advocating withdrawal. In no single geographic region—and, in fact, in none of the categories studied—was there a majority in favor of pursuing the war to prevent a Communist takeover.

It was not the purpose of the Potomac Associates merely to study attitudes toward Vietnam. Its report is entitled "Hopes and Fears of the American People," and the title is descriptive of the over-all objective. The comparative years for the 1971 survey were 1959 and 1964, and the report showed that among individuals per se nothing much had changed except as society itself had developed, or had encountered new problems—pollution, for example, and drug abuse—that impinged on everyone's life. But the fears of individuals as citizens were something altogether different. Whereas in the earlier years it was comparatively rare for anyone to cite as a source of anxiety the possibility that this country might be coming apart at the seams, by 1971, according to the report, "almost one out of every two Americans—forty-seven per cent—said they believe that national unrest is serious enough to lead to a 'real breakdown.'" Here again there seemed to be no distorting weightings. As the question was posed, the alternative to breakdown was the possibility that our troubles are "likely to blow over soon," and while age was somewhat more sanguine than youth, and Nixon supporters more sanguine than Nixon critics, no category showed a majority feeling confident. Thus, if the public is right, one could draw the conclusion that we are headed for major troubles whether or not we get out of Vietnam in a hurry. But if the study is disheartening in this sense, it is immensely heartening in another, of

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which it makes rather little: "We also found that people generally do not attribute the unrest simply to the work of agitators and radicals. A large portion of the public senses institutional and systemic causes." Fewer people think that "the protests are largely Communist-inspired" than think that "our traditional way of doing things is not working and some basic changes are needed if we are to work together." A good many think that "some young people have gotten out of hand and have no respect for authority," but just as many think that "our leaders in government and business are not trying hard enough to solve the problems we face, and people are losing confidence in them."

For years now, the American people have been bombarded with as many devil theories of their recent history as specialists in this kind of theorizing have been able to devise. And the years have been bedevilled ones—partly, but by no means entirely, because of Vietnam. Yet we seem to have achieved a moment in which it may be possible to approach our problems with a high degree of sanity. The fear that leaving Vietnam might lead to a new isolationism was, evidently, not an idle one. The Potomac Associates reports a growth of isolationism, at least in military matters. But the specific fear that we would write off Asia seems to have been mistaken. (A recent Harris Survey shows a seventy-per-cent approval of the anticipated "thaw" in Sino-American relations.) And the fear that we could tolerate no end to Vietnam that did not leave us ideologically satisfied appears similarly groundless. Our people seem as rational as anyone could expect them to be, and it may be a time for new beginnings. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

DEPUTY ARRESTS GIRL, 18, FOR NAKED SWIMMING

The first reported "skinny dippin'" incident here this summer resulted in the arrest of an 18-year-old transient girl Friday, while a young man ran away and escaped.

She was booked for open lewdness, but later released without charge.

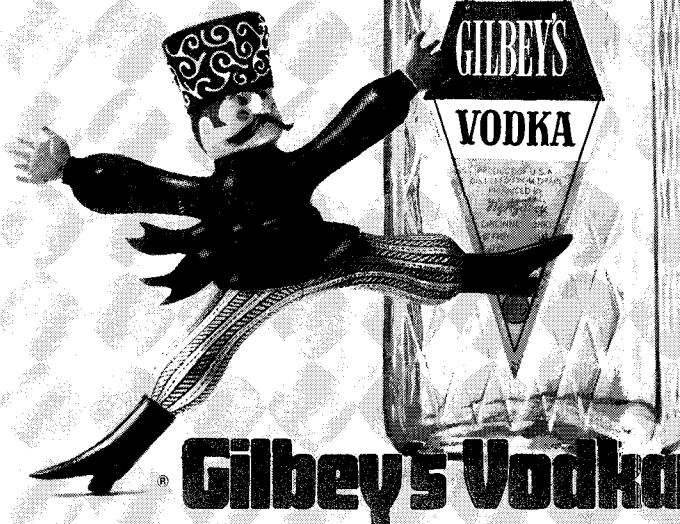
The Boulder Sheriff's Department received a call at 11:45 a.m. of naked swimmers in Boulder Creek, about four and one-half miles up the canyon. Deputy Michael Garrett said when he arrived he found the girl and a young man sunning themselves on a rock along the road.

The boy friend ran up the hill and got away, according to Garrett, who explained he could not catch the young man and watch the girl at the same time.

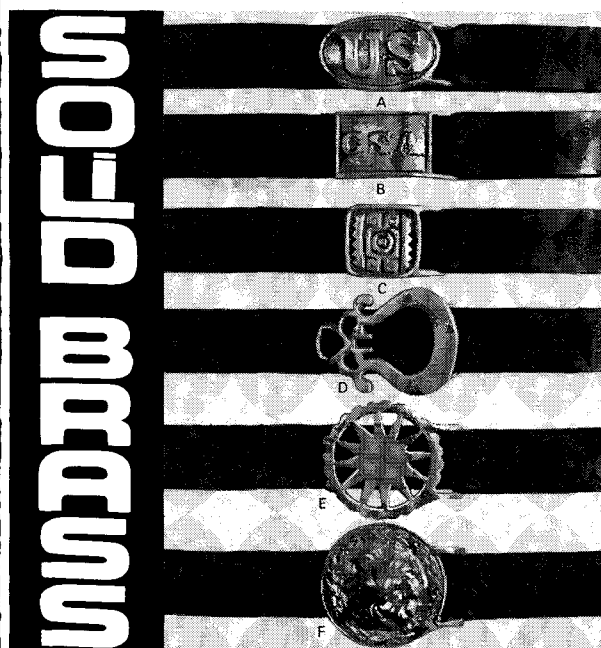
—Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Newport Notes

THURSDAY, JULY 1ST: I came up to the Festival a day early to indulge an incurable addiction to Newport. I am staying in a sort of hotel—a boarding house wearing a dickey, really—at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. Its small, shiplike, glass-enclosed dining room seems to hang above the bay, and during dinner we were given a spectacular Newport show. In minutes, the rocks and water slid from gray to blue to black. Rain exploded, and the bay, which had been moving at a sagacious roll, was spun into a seething chop. A small sailboat, its jib draped crazily across its bow, limped past like a three-legged dog. Lightning danced on the rocks, the water, and the towers of the Newport bridge, three miles away, and the thunder applauded again and again. The storm lasted the length of a set, and it was a fine preamble to the weekend, which looks enlightened and even stirring. Ray Charles and Duke Ellington and Aretha Franklin will be on hand, but so will such rarities as T-Bone Walker, Gene Ammons, Harry Edison, Joe Turner, Eubie Blake, and Illinois Jacquet.

FRIDAY: Tonight's concert was old-fashioned and mostly trudging. The newest Stan Kenton band, minus its ill leader, appeared, and it resembled every other Stan Kenton band. The arrangements, by Ken Hanna and Bill Holman and Johnny Richards, were rigid and cumbersome. The trumpets, five strong, screamed or played pastel muted figures; the trombones, also five strong, hummed heavy hymns; the saxophones frolicked in between. A new young drummer, John Von Ohlen, carried on with tremendous verve and precision, but to little avail. The music suggested the Chrysler Building translated into sound. The Buddy Rich band, which often sounds like a diminutive Kenton group, moved through six made-in-Hong Kong numbers that were lighted by a tantalizing interlude played by Rich's new pianist, Bob Petersen—gospel chords and easy runs and good off-notes, all done with an immaculate touch. It was the only time I have seen Rich, a preoccupied man, nodding and smiling at one of his sidemen. But his admiration ended there, for that was the last we heard from Petersen. Rich's final number was given over to one of his unique and

miraculous drum solos. It was played at double time, the original tempo, and half time, and it included a blinding single-stroke roll, a left-hand figure that few drummers could play with both hands, figure-eight patterns all over the set, breathless tickings on his snare rims, and a cymbal-roaring finale. Because of Rich's ubiquity in recent years, it is all too easy to take him for granted.



Last winter, Duke Ellington gave an odd and addled concert in New York. The band played unevenly and without appetite, the selection of numbers was lacklustre, and the evening was closed by two surprising spectacles. In the first, Paul Gonsalves came down off the stage and soloed in the audience—a ham routine that was considered hot stuff at Jimmy Ryan's thirty years ago. And in the finale, a pseudo-rock piece called "One More Time," the whole band lined up stage front and played an endless series of riffs while Ellington's vocalists bounced around and sang. And Ellington did it again tonight. Two of his numbers, "Afro-Eurasian Eclipse" and selections from the new "Brava Toga Suite," were played out of tune and out of cadence, Cootie Williams lumbered through "Take the A Train" (Ray Nance, whom the number was originally built around, remained in the trumpet section), there was a number from the "New Orleans Suite," and then the band went into "One More Time." The audience, made up of the hip and the faithful, looked on in disbelief, and Ellington looked at the disbelief with disbelief; when the number was over, he uncharacteristically turned on his heel and walked off the stage without a word.

Roberta Flack closed the evening. She is a marvellous singer, with a rich and beautifully controlled contralto, but she is weighed down by much of her present material. She sings too many message songs and too many dirgelike ballads. But it is another matter when the tempo goes up and she tackles numbers like "Reverend Lee" and "To Love Somebody." In the latter, she gave an extraordinary demonstration of improvisation by repeating the theme words, strung to a gently descending pattern of notes, at least a dozen times, singing them differently each time: "you don't know what it's like—to love somebody," "you don't

know what it's like to love somebody," "you don't know—what it's like—to love somebody." It was a brilliant and irresistible performance.

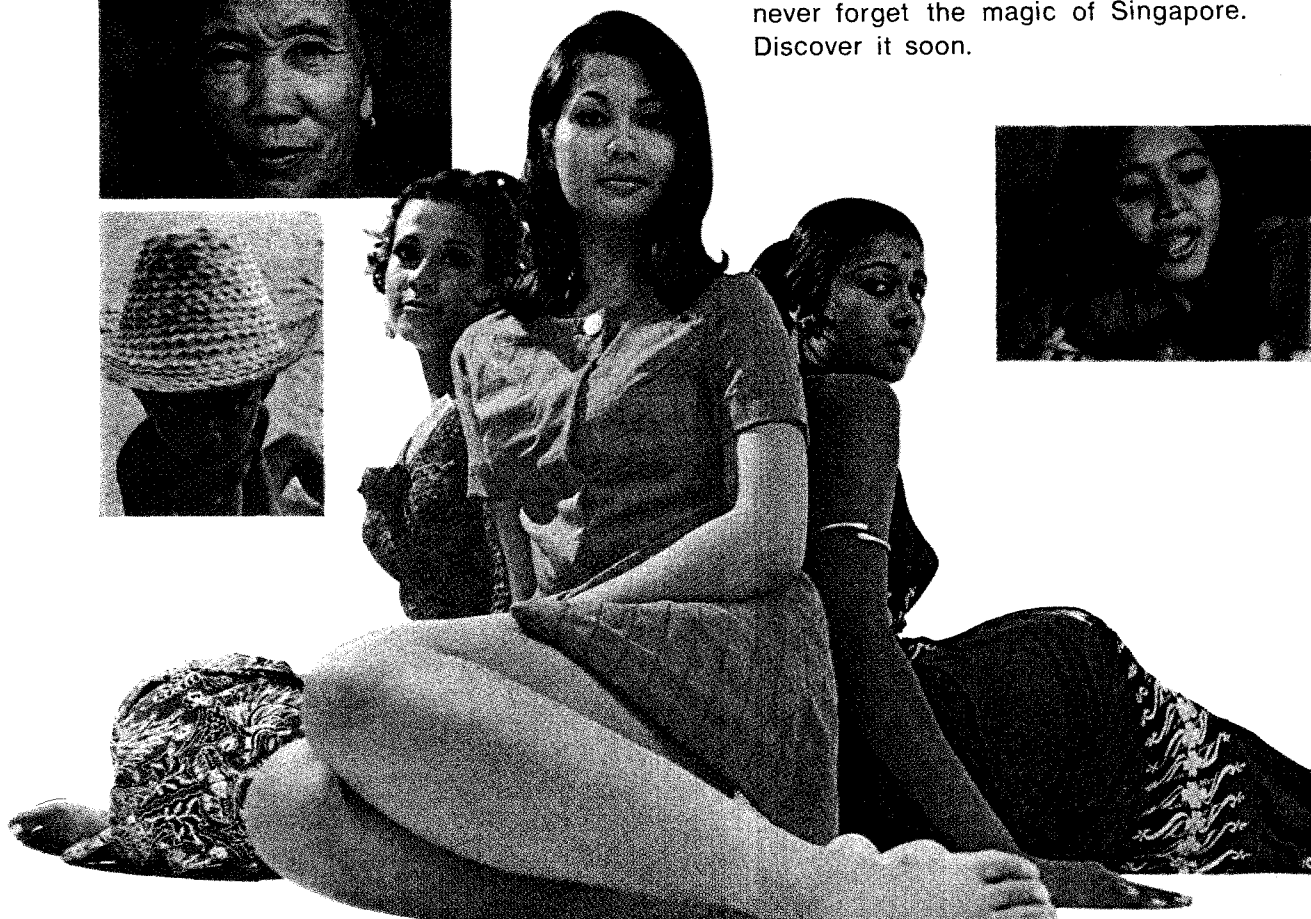
The kids, who came in armies two years ago to hear the rock groups at the Festival, are, mysteriously, back. They are camped by the thousand on the hillside above Festival Field and on the bluff behind the bandstand, and the air smells of pot. But the mood is not claustrophobic and ominous, as it was from the start that other weekend.

SATURDAY: Eubie Blake, the eighty-eight-year-old composer and pianist, started things off this afternoon, and he was a delight. He played a ragtime piece, his fingers Jack-be-nimble, and he jazzed up "The Merry Widow Waltz." He played a Cole Porter number and he did his own "Memories of You" and "I'm Just Wild About Harry." He did them all as he would have done them seventy years ago, and they had a cheerful, innocent, take-me-out-to-the-ballgame air. Willie the Lion Smith, a crackling seventy-three, followed with four supreme numbers, including a novelty piece called "Hot Ginger and Dynamite," which he sang very well. Both Blake's and Smith's styles cry out for drum accompaniment (wire brushes and no foot pedal), and it was too bad somebody didn't sit in. Charlie Mingus's sextet (Lonnie Hillyer, Charlie McPherson, John Foster, Bobby Jones, and Virgil Day) got off four striving numbers, among them "Pithecanthropus Erectus" and his funny, rinky-dink parody of "Cocktails for Two." Hillyer's Mickey Mouse trumpet was faultless, and so was Jones' spaghetti-leg Ted Lewis clarinet. The only member of the group who was not with it was the drummer, Day, but he was attempting a music that expired long before he was born. Freddie Hubbard, exploring that curious and lifeless extension of bebop known as hard bop, was interminable, and so was the New York Bass Violin Choir. Formed a year or so ago, the group consists of seven bassists (Milt Hinton, Ron Carter, Richard Davis, Sam Jones, Michael Fleming, Lisle Atkinson, and the leader, Bill Lee), a vocalist (A. Grace Lee Mims), a pianist, and a drummer. They played a fifty-minute folk operetta that had to do with life in Snow Hills, Alabama. Lee, who wrote the piece, narrated, sang, and pantomimed, Mrs. Mims sang, and the fiddles provided accompaniment and contrapuntal sections, most of them bowed. Some of Lee's talking was funny and even affecting, but he and Mrs. Mims are dreary

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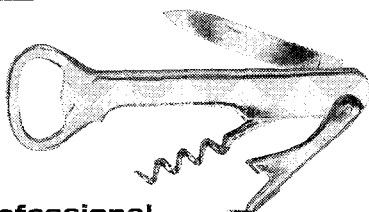


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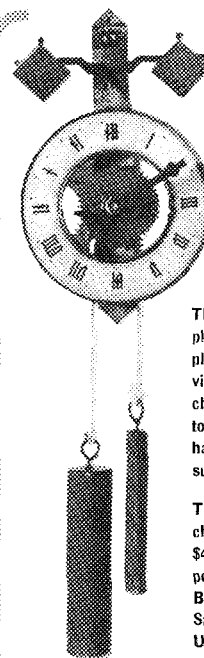
singers and the music lacked melodic spine. It was the sort of effort that avant-garde high-school seniors sometimes get off as a graduation-day special.

Tonight, the kids had bonfires going on the hill, and the roads around Festival Field were choked with bluejeans and bare feet. It's clear now why they are here: no other big festivals are scheduled anywhere this weekend, and they want to hear Aretha Franklin, who's on tomorrow afternoon.

Chase, a new group, made up of four trumpets, guitar, organ, bass, drums, and a singer, and led by Bill Chase, who once played lead trumpet for Woody Herman, turned out to be four blasting trumpets glued to a rock-rhythm section. The trumpet solos were mostly high-note and largely inaudible, and the singing was mediocre. Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, accompanied by Jack Six on bass and Alan Dawson on drums, took over, and in a medium blues Mulligan fashioned three superb, husky, down-home stop-time choruses. (There is no need to worry about Brubeck anymore. He is what he is—a jovial amateur pianist who happened along at the right time with the right music and made a million.) Dionne Warwick, who is the test pilot of the Burt Bacharach-Hal David combine, and who has added an "e" to her last name on the advice of her astrologist, sang a dozen Bacharach numbers. Either Bacharach, who has great style, has just one song, which he writes endless variations of, or Miss Warwick sings all songs exactly alike, for every number sounded the same.

Then, just after Miss Warwick's last number, the trouble started. Ten minutes before, I had noticed kids dropping over the wooden wall at the back of the Field, but everything was still calm. When Miss Warwick finished, George Wein walked rapidly to the front of the stage and made an emotional and frightening and ill-worded announcement to the effect that the audience was in danger (of what he didn't say), that we should file immediately and calmly from the Field, and that the concert had been shut down by order of the chief of police. Suddenly, three loutish kids appeared in the aisle back of where I was sitting and shouted obscenities at Wein, and then I understood what Wein was trying to say: We were in for the same disruptive rumpus that took place two years ago, when the kids smashed down fences and poured into the Field. The front of the Field, where the box seats and press section are, was cleared in jig-

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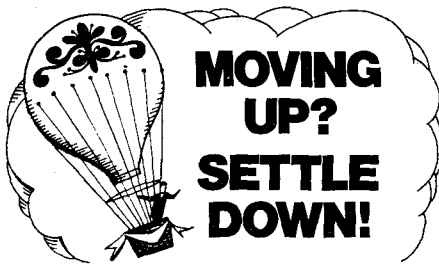


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time, but the crowd to the rear stayed put and roared its displeasure at having the concert stopped (Mary Lou Williams and a jam session led by the organist Jimmy Smith were still to come). Then the avalanche hit. Hundreds of kids poured through the boxes and the press section, smashing chairs and railings, and up onto the stage. (They had got only to the foot of the stage two years ago.) The lights onstage went out, but for more than an hour the kids sat there chanting, stamping thunderously in rhythm, shaking their fists, and yelling more obscenities. Gerry Mulligan's voice was heard briefly over the loudspeakers, telling the kids to cool it, and then Father Norman O'Connor, who had been the m.c., made an impassioned plea, which seemed to have some result. The noise died slowly down, and by midnight, all passion spent, the brouhaha was over.

SUNDAY: It was announced this morning that the authorities had decided to close the Festival down. The kids had, with classic effect, cut off their noses to spite their faces. They had also, as professed non-Establishment people, crushed one of the great non-Establishment musics. After breakfast, I went out to the Field. The front section was all splintered wood and garbage. The stage is constructed of immense steel girders and it was intact, but a grand piano had lost its keyboard cover and some of the ivory on the low-register keys. I played a chorus of blues and the piano still worked, though. I noticed a young, blond-haired, bearded man picking up garbage at the back of the stage, and I asked him what had happened last night. "The vibes were bad," he said affably. "On Friday night, they were beautiful. You couldn't walk twenty-five feet up on the hill without someone smiling at you. But things began going bad yesterday afternoon. The kids were calling the cops pigs and the cops got tired of it and started poking the kids with their nightsticks. I came down from the hill last evening and a cop yelled at me and stuck his stick in my gut, and it started then for me. Anyway, most of the kids on the hill were not really into jazz. They were here because of Aretha and because other people were here, and they were here because they've learned you can get a lot of nice things free, that you don't have to pay for everything, which is still a fad, not a philosophy. The kids who broke down the fence were malcontents and they were stoned, but you don't get stoned unless something

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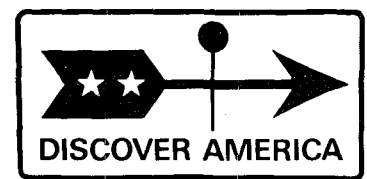


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is wrong in the first place." He pulled a couple of mimeographed sheets from his pocket and handed them to me. "Unlike two years ago, the kids were prepared this time," he said. The sheets were titled "Festival Street Sheet," and they had been issued by the Potemkin Bookshop, in Newport. They told the kids where they could crash, not to hitchhike in front of cops, where there were bathrooms, when sunrise and sunset were, where to go for help on bad trips, where to swim and rent bikes, what to watch out for in the way of bad dope, and how to behave toward the natives:

It's obvious that some people are making a lot of bread from your being here this weekend, and they could be treating you a lot better. But most of the people who live in this town aren't making money off this festival—they're just trying to survive a pretty confusing weekend. These people shouldn't be ripped-off or hassled—this means small stores, people's lawns, and people's feelings. Be cool to the people.

I walked to the back of the Field, and the word "malcontent" seemed mild. Five sizable sections of the ten-foot-high chain-link fence that encircles the Field had been flattened, and the inner wooden fence was full of jagged holes that looked as if they had been gnawed by huge rats. It was a prime instance of nature abhorring a vacuum. The kids camped on the hill, which was now covered with a snow of garbage, had looked down on the big empty spaces at the back of the Field and, souped up by apple wine and drugs, decided they should be filled.

It was the seventeenth Newport Jazz Festival, and, things being the way they are, it may well be the last major festival of any kind anywhere. About the only invulnerable place you could hold another one would be Radio City Music Hall. —WHITNEY BALLJETT

The English version is by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Although doubtless it aspires to poetry, it is unfortunately prose of the very kind that made the adjective prosiac the word it is today.

—Clive Bornes in the Times.

The kind that's on everyone's tongue.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[C.B.S. interview with General Maxwell Taylor as reported in the San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle]

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A: ... I'm writing a book. I'm going to have a couple of misleading chapters on the subject.

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THE RACE TRACK

Gadabout

THROUGH the years, there has always been one race that you could count on to be exciting and well run—the Suburban Handicap—and its eighty-fifth running, at Aqueduct last week, was true to tradition. Twice Worthy won it by half a length from Ejemplo, a racer from Venezuela, and Tunex, winner of the Metropolitan, was third, three lengths farther behind. Among the ten also-rans were True North, who was a star at Hialeah; Fort Marcy; Native Royalty, who won the Michigan Mile and an Eighth at Detroit; and Never Bow, who was top weight at 126 pounds.

Twice Worthy, carrying 116 pounds, was always in a good position, and took the lead in the stretch. A bay four-year-old, he is owned by Al Lippe, a Jersey power-company executive, and trained by Jim Conway. No one can turn out horses better than Conway.

Well, Jim French won the Dwyer Handicap at the Big A on Saturday, beating Farewell Party, to whom he gave twelve pounds, by three-quarters of a length. As you know, in half a season Jim has started in nine races with purses in six figures; he won one, the Santa Anita Derby, and finished close up in the others, travelling at least fifteen thousand miles to do it. I can't recollect another three-year-old with such a mileage record. Yet in the paddock before the Dwyer he looked better than he had in the spring, and bigger, too, and his coat shone. John Campo, who trains him, says he's a useful horse. Useful, I'd say, to the tune of \$320,291 in purses this season!

THERE's no sense in trying to pick up all the loose ends this department has missed in recent weeks, but I can report that the Calumet Farm Stable is rolling along, almost as profitably as it did in the days of the Jones boys, Ben and Jimmy. Gleaming won stakes at Monmouth and Delaware Park, and Son Ange picked off a couple, too—the hundred-thousand-dollar Pontiac Grand Prix at Arlington Park in Chicago and, a couple of weeks later, and thanks to a disqualification, the Firecracker Handicap at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia. The Pontiac Grand Prix, which was formerly the Arlington Classic, is sponsored by General Motors. As you might expect, Ford is also sponsoring a horse race—last month's hundred-and-twenty-five-

thousand-dollar Ford Pinto Invitational Turf Handicap at Hollywood Park, in which Cougar II, coming up in the stretch as quick as the cat in the Mercury commercials on TV, beat Fort Marcy by a neck. Charley Whittingham, who trains Cougar II and Ack Ack (the latter set a track record in the American Handicap out there the other day), has a strong hand for the hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar Hollywood Gold Cup, which I plan to see this weekend.



Speaking of sponsored races, there are at least thirty of them in England, even one at Ascot—the Heinz 'Chase.

William Hill, a bookmaker, sponsors the Observer Gold Cup and two others, and the Irish Sweepstakes adds £5,000 to the purse of the Cambridge-shire. There are also the Totalisator 'Chase, the Daily Express Triumph Hurdles, the Hennessy Gold Cup, the W.D. and H.O. Wills Silver Goblets, and the Johnnie Walker Ebor Handicap, to name a few. They make up for some of the revenue for purses which the tracks lose from off-course betting.

I'D like to have seen Paul Mellon's Mill Reef run for the Eclipse Stakes, which he won from Caro, one of France's top older racers, at London's Sandown Park. He must be a good one. When I was in England a couple of weeks ago, several keen-sighted observers told me that he won the Epsom Derby with more authority than Nijinsky had a year ago. After rainy Royal Ascot, I dried out in the sunshine at San Siro, one of Italy's tracks, and saw the Gran Premio di Milano, an international event at twenty-six hundred metres, with a purse of forty million lire. It was won by a three-year-old named Weimar, who led all the way. Then your footloose correspondent had a matchless week in France, five days of it at Chantilly.

Chantilly, one of the leading training centers, reminds you of Saratoga—the Saratoga of the old days raised to the *n*th power of elegance. It's the perfect place to look at horses mornings and to go racing afternoons. I stayed at Mill Cottage, a hundred-year-old château, full of racing memorabilia, with William Head, a six-foot, erect, florid party in his early eighties, who has a public stable, training sixty or so horses for a number of owners. Years ago, he had W. K. Vanderbilt's horses.

Among his present patrons are Mme. Guy Weisweiler and Maurice Hennessy. William's sons Alec and Peter are trainers, too, and a grandson, Freddy, is a jockey, and a good one. Last season, Freddy broke the run of Yves Saint-Martin, who had led the list for nine years in a row.

William Head has trained many stakes winners, and remembers them all. I have a notion that Le Fabuleux is one of his favorites. He won eight of his eleven starts, one of them the Prix du Jockey Club, which is the French Derby. He's now at Head's Haras du Quesnay, the old Vanderbilt stud in Normandy. By the way, one of the sons of Le Fabuleux, Bonami, could be France's Hoist the Flag. Head thinks he was the best prospect for the classics he'd had in years. (The colt was ranked third to My Swallow and Mill Reef in the Handicap Optional, the official rating of the two-year-olds.) Bonami broke a leg in the running of the Prix Greffulhe, the first of the leading events for three-year-olds, won by Rheffic.

On my last day in Paris, I saw the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamp. The weather was fine and most people wore cutaways and toppers, as they would for Ascot. Nine three-year-olds, the fewest in many years, paraded for the gallop of thirty-one hundred metres, and it was a thriller all the way, Rheffic winning by a neck from Point de Riz. Valdrague, who had a rough trip, was third. Only Rheffic's courage and class saw him through the dour battle to bring off a notable double, for he had won the Prix du Jockey Club at Chantilly three weeks before. Bred and owned by Mme. François Dupré, Rheffic is a medium-sized bay with a lot of quality, American blood, and an American background. His sire, Traffic, by Traffic Judge, won the 1963 Hopeful Stakes and other races here before going to France—and Traffic Judge, of course, was no stranger to horseplayers in his day. I'll bet that Arcaro, who won the Ohio Derby on him, and Woodie Stephens, who trained him, still remember our ride together in a helicopter (none of us had ever been in one before) from Thistledown to the airport in Cleveland after the race. No doubt Rheffic will run for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in October. I'd like to be there.

Lastly, your correspondent, the old name-dropper, would like to say that he was a guest at Le Dîner de Vingt-quatre, which a group of racing men have on the eve of the Grand Prix de Paris. It and the race would top off any man's trip nobly.—AUDAX MINOR

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The menu that dates back 500 years before Marco Polo.



There are certain scholars who claim the Orient taught Europe how to cook. Perhaps the answer makes little difference. After all, the name of a famous Japanese dish, tempura, is actually a bit of Latin passed on to us by a Portuguese sailor long ago. Our only point here is that, on Japan Air Lines, you can savor the delights of both familiar cuisine and our own ancient Japanese recipes. One suggestion. An old Japanese maxim recommends that each time you try a new dish, you will live 75 days longer. At that rate, you could fly Japan Air Lines around the world indefinitely. With a lifetime to spare.

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BOOKS

Seeing Life Plain



"NIÑO: CHILD OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION," by Andrés Iduarte (translated by James F. Shearer and published by Praeger), is a short, personal, unassuming account of what happened to a Mexican family during and after the revolution of 1910. Iduarte, who grew up to be a professor of literature at Columbia, has written a book that has a peculiar intimacy that, in literature, is frequently associated with greatness: the reader feels—as a reader of a good memoir should feel—not only that he knows the author but that the author knows him and has written for him or even about him. For, in the course of an exactly and beautifully written childhood narrative, Iduarte unobtrusively and unargumentatively writes of philosophical or moral uncertainties that afflict many people in many societies, not only in periods of revolution. Many of us learn, often too late to do anything about it, that, like Iduarte—the youngest child and only son of a well-connected professional family, who was born in 1907, three years before the revolution—we have been ignorant and innocent beneficiaries of injustice. And many of us also suffer helplessly—as Iduarte did, after the revolution—from injustice, corruption, envy, and greed. Iduarte has perfectly fused these grand issues with his story; he is simply remembering what a child saw, heard, and did, and his understanding or misunderstanding of events in the adult world that changed his life. I suppose Iduarte and his book are so appealing because he grows up, under our reading eyes, to ask not "Why did all this have to happen to me?" but "What is right?"

The kind of young man Andrés became he owes to his father, who dominates the book—a virtuous pagan who, without hope of Heaven or faith in God, displayed the charity enjoined on Christians, and who spent his life doing his best to be a good man in a society he knew was far from good. He was Chief Justice of the State of Tabasco, and—unlike most of the bench, not only then and there but everywhere and now—he refused to use the law to discipline the poor, and many Tabascans adored him for his humanity. Still more remarkable—for that time and place—was his probity; the position of Chief Justice offered innumerable opportunities for graft and usually made its holder's fortune, but the senior Iduarte remained honest. Nonetheless, because he had received his appointment under Díaz, he lost it when the revolution overthrew the dictator. Much later, in Mexico City, the new government started him again, at the bottom, as a magistrate, but only a short while before his untimely death. For most of the revolution, Mexico did without him, and his purpose in life was unfulfilled: "I dispense justice and try to combat injustice. It's not much, I know, but it is something tangible, certain, and satisfactory."

Iduarte does not make his father unnaturally perfect. Because Iduarte was so young, he cannot be certain, but he has more than a strong impression that his father was not entirely faithful to his mother, and, with the amazing concision that is one of the wonders of this book, he makes his mother, whom he greatly loved, a past-mistress of the formidable feminine technique of not saying a word of complaint and thereby creating a silence noisier than any loud reproach, and a mood of

discreet misery as pervasive as nagging. The book records the family's wanderings as it moved from place to place, trying to find, in the interstices between upheavals, somewhere to settle and educate its children, or escape violence and epidemics; and in this way offers the diversions and instruction of a travelogue. It is also a portrait of two large Mexican families: the father's, mainly country or small-town people, many of them quite poor, and the mother's more citified and wealthier people. Even though everything and everyone existed so far away and long ago, all are strikingly present, for at least two reasons. One—which none of us from Hudson Bay to Patagonia want to think about—is simply that all the Americas and everybody in them resemble each other much more closely than they do the continents and populations whence they came. The other is Iduarte's selective, graceful economy, which realizes, with great speed and power, the bewildering and bloody muddle that was a decade of his country's history and of his own life: he takes less than a page to describe the day he and other boys, out flying kites,

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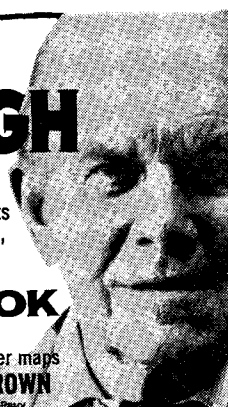
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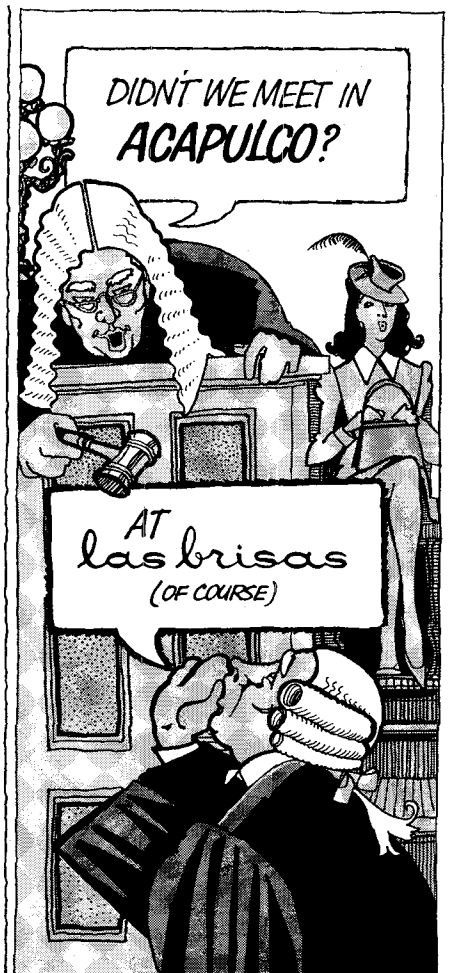
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were interrupted by gunfire; he ran to the house of a cousin, where he and the family cowered through the night, afraid to try to find out whether the shooting meant a new revolution, an election turning into a riot, or Tabascans settling their differences by a shootout—a habit so common that the cemetery in his father's home town was called the "lead mine."

Then, too, there is Iduarte's emotional honesty, which is harder to achieve than the financial kind. Like many another well-brought-up little child, surrounded always by grandmother, nurse, aunts, sisters, he was attracted to what was naughty or bold or whatever else that devoted group was hiding from him. During his parents' greatest worries, he was entirely concerned with solving the mystery of where babies come from. But twigs are bent as twigs are bent, and, shortly before adolescence, the Judge's son became studious, earnest, and a bit of a prig. He reacted to the uncertainty and cruelty around him by adopting a stern moral code and rating everyone in accordance with it. He felt that, above everything else, he needed to decide what he felt about public events, and, during his adolescence, "because of my hatred of political corruption . . . and my aversion to bloodshed . . . I rejected the revolution and made it responsible for all crimes. . . . I was a reactionary because I wanted all men to be equal, to eat and dress equally."

Iduarte is equally honest about the varieties of goofiness espoused by some Mexicans as they tried to adapt to the revolution. All nations have a Santa Claus bag of traditions into which, when they change direction, they reach for an appropriate historical theme that, it is then maintained, has always been the essential nation. In the United States, we sometimes use our pioneers to prove that Americans are self-propelled individualists ("Elbow room!" cried Daniel Boone) or cooperative team players (the house-raising in "Appalachian Spring"). Díaz had been one of those dictatorial modernizers of whom we nowadays have so many; he wooed foreign capital, with economic concessions that seemed to younger Mexicans disgraceful giveaways and by insisting on what seemed to later generations a national masquerade—Mexico pretending to be a white nation, presumably to match the complexion of foreign investors. And while Iduarte was in grade school, the curriculum of devices for undoing Díaz's doings had got as far as xenophobia, and Andrés



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was taught the history of a Mexico of no specified color but always heroic and always exploited by foreigners of unbelievable wickedness. (But the children believed it.) When Iduarte reached high school, educators—still for the most part white or pretending to be—had made a little progress: his school had given two Indian boys scholarships.

They were soon numbered among the best students and we liked them very much. But we couldn't help feeling a certain compassion for them because there was no function they were allowed to miss, were it a dance, an awarding of prizes, or the opening of classes. They always seated them, dressed in gaudy fashion, on the proscenium, where they had to endure the fulsome phrases of the official speakers.... Invariably the orator spoke of the goodness of the school's directors, to whom he referred as "true revolutionaries, protectors of the Indian."... The two Zapotecs again became servants as soon as the invited guests had departed, and worked out their expenses cleaning even the toilets.

Iduarte writes with irony or laughter, with indignation or dismay—at, for one, his younger self. His gradual changes of opinion and his almost imperceptible shedding of childhood notions—Indians were naturally inferior and the revolution was a fraud because some revolutionaries were fraudulent—is remarkable because most of us cannot admit to intellectual fashions or political passions we have discarded; we tend to try to make our past conform to our present, and, except for rare, self-conscious dramas of conversion, find it difficult to admit to ourselves, let alone to any audience, that we have ever changed our minds. But let us not overemphasize the moral qualities of this book, admirable as they are, for "Niño" is not a sermon. Neither is it persuasion or propaganda; it has no hidden motive, no attempt to make us love Mexico or Andrés Iduarte. It is a work of art—a gift, not a bribe.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

BLACK SUN, by Edward Abbey (Simon & Schuster). It is sad to have to report that Mr. Abbey has followed his excellent, tough-minded autobiographical "Desert Solitaire" with an embarrassingly bad novel. It is, in fact, a kind of pipe-dream version of that memoir of a forest ranger living alone in the wilderness. For here the ranger, a broken-hearted social dropout, meets a girl—a sweet little wide-eyed nineteen-year-old virgin who likes to

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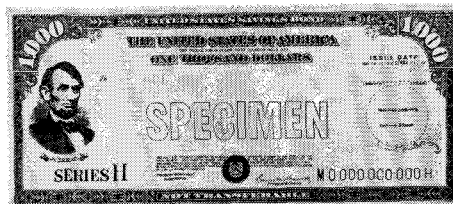
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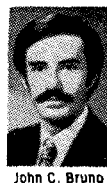
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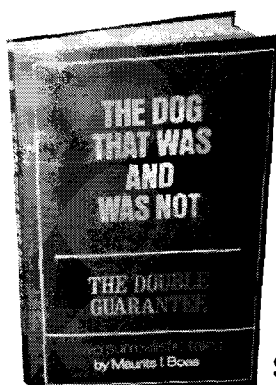
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bathe by candlelight—deflowers her in the Lawrencian thou-art-a-good-lass style, and then loses her somewhere down in the Grand Canyon. Pretentious, witless, sentimental, it has but one virtue—its length, which is a scant fifty thousand words.

GENERAL

THE ADVANCE MAN, by Jerry Bruno and Jeff Greenfield (Morrow). Mr. Bruno's recollections of his career as a political advance man—the fellow responsible for getting crowds out (Bruno worked mostly for John and Robert Kennedy); for making sure that microphones function, that cars for motorcades arrive and depart on time, that the right people (politically) are seen and the wrong ones cold-shouldered, that high-school bands play; and for managing an infinite number of similar details. Mr. Bruno believes that, despite the expense and exhaustion, political barnstorming is valuable: it exposes a man to the electorate in a way that television appearances, which are more easily manipulable, do not, and it also educates a candidate or an official about the people's concerns. His book is very good, and he himself is surprisingly outspoken. He tells why he did not like Johnson (for whom he tried working), why he thinks Nixon is a hopeless politician, and why he thinks Lindsay could win the Presidency on the Democratic ticket.

THE TIME THAT WAS THEN, by Harry Roskolenko (Dial). Memoirs of a boyhood in the immigrant slums of New York—an intense family life presided over by pious, hardworking parents who produced, against all odds, studious, reliable children (with the exception of the author, who ran away to sea and grew up to become a poet). What distinguishes this work from many corn- (or matzo-) ball reminiscences is simply that Mr. Roskolenko describes poverty without pretending it was fun—the working day of his father, a sweated garment worker, for example. A book neither aggrieved nor heartwarming but—better—credible.

THE DARK NIGHT OF RESISTANCE, by Daniel Berrigan (Doubleday). This book was written in the four months that Father Berrigan was on the run—after the night when, as he says, he “went out by the back window while the F.B.I. was fumbling at the front door.” It is part rumination, part jeremiad, part credo, now branching off into verse (and good

and witty verse), now pausing for Socratic dialogue between author-persona and his “guru,” St. John of the Cross. Father Berrigan has a very tough and concrete way of thinking. He believes that protest—appeals to the President, writing “dead letters” to people in power—is a way of putting at one remove the great problems that beset good men; the principle that he and his brother Philip and the few others like them are guided by is that these problems must be personally assumed, which means laying your life on the line. The book has many messages (and some of them are obscure), but this is perhaps the main one.

SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA: THE GREAT TREK TO THE BOER WAR, by Anthony Nutting (Dutton). Since his resignation from the British Government in 1956, in disapproval of the invasion of Suez, Mr. Nutting has turned from making history to writing it, and he writes it very well. This book is a lively, factual, but inescapably rueful narrative of the century's worth of misunderstandings and misdeeds that culminated in the Boer War. Could it have been averted? Mr. Nutting sees a number of lost opportunities for amity between Boer and Briton but admits that such friendship would have been possible only at the expense of the South African natives, and the influence of British reformers and missionaries always prevented the British from joining up with the Boers on racial lines. Then, toward the end of the century, everything and everyone seem to have conspired for the worst. Gold and diamonds turned up in the Boer republics, which wanted no mines, no industry, no foreigners, while the policies of the British Government were shaped (though most people in England did not know it) by a brilliant maniac, Cecil Rhodes, whose bad faith, combined with unceasing energy, was, as Nutting sees it, largely responsible for bringing on the armed collision that in the long run created the present Republic of South Africa.

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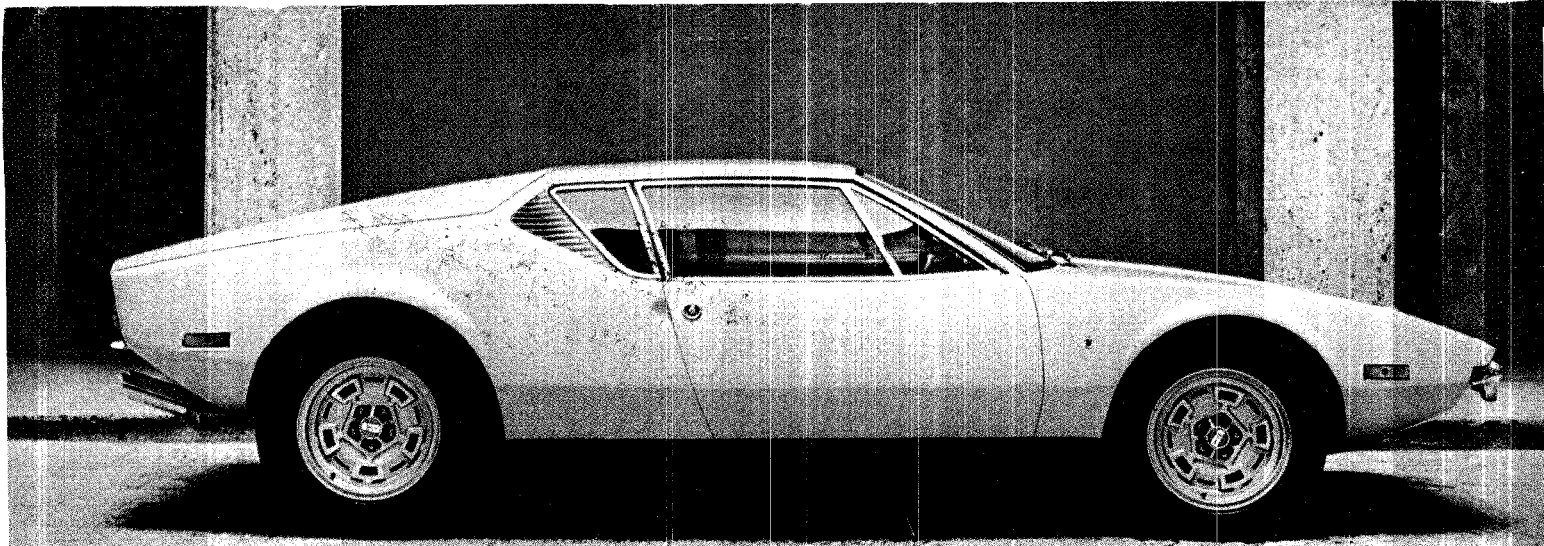
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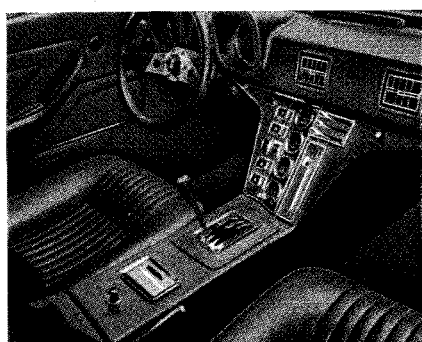
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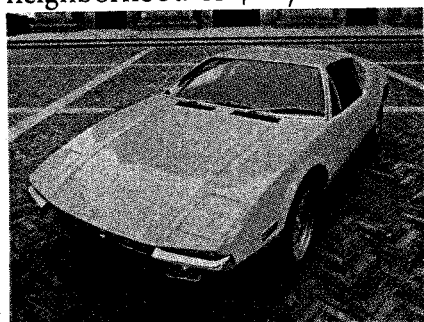


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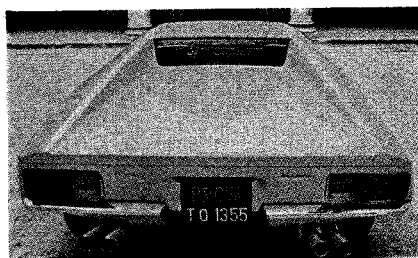


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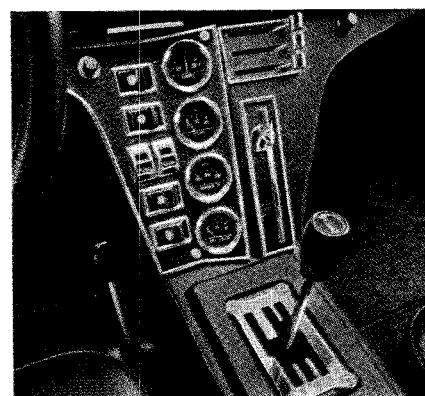
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